

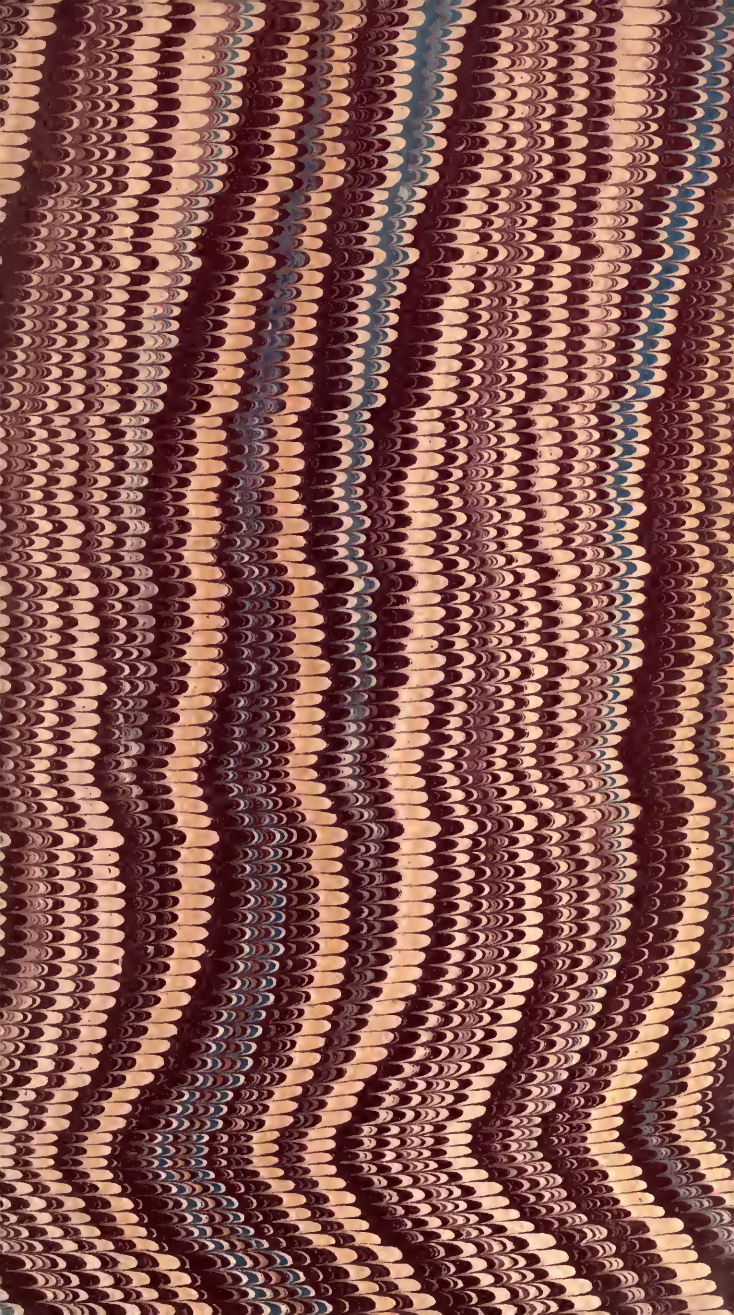
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Fitz-Gwairine,

A BALLAD OF THE WELSH BORDER;

IN THREE CANTOS.

WITH OTHER

Rhymes,

Legendary, Incidental, and Humorous.

By JOHN F. M. DOVASTON, A. M.

“ The Earth has Bubbles, as the Water hath,
“ And these are of them.”

MACBETH.



Printed and Published by and for W. Morris, Shrewsbury,
December, 1812.



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DOVASTON'S
Rhymes,

Legendary, Incidental, and Humorous.



LONDON:

SOLD BY LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME AND CO.
FOR WM. MORRIS, PRINTER, SHREWSBURY.



ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL

861768

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TO MY FRIEND DOVASTON

On his Metrical Romance of Fitz-Gwarine.

CAMBRIA, thy harp too long untouch'd hath been,
Save by the mountain-wind's far-roving wing
That waves the fern on BREIDEN, light and green,
It's sweet notes swelling on each trembling string.
But DOVASTON has borne it from the wild,
To ring in halls where GWARINE'S sons abide,
Their daughters smiled to hear his preludes tried,
And hail'd him early Fancy's wayward child.
A bolder note he strikes; the CHIEF attends,
Uprise the tow'rs of WHITTINGTON spell-wrought,
While o'er his harp the lovely CLARICE bends,
And tempers mildly sweet each glowing thought.
Listen his lays, for, while they vibrate clear,
Past age's clouds roll off, and distant times appear.

R. RYLAND.

London, Nov. 1812.

TO
THE REVEREND
CHARLES ARTHUR ALBANY LLOYD, A. M.
RECTOR OF WHITTINGTON,
SALOP,

THE BALLAD OF
Fitz-Gwarine

IS INSCRIBED,
BY HIS FRIEND,
JOHN F. M. DOVASTON.

*Nursery, Westfelton, Salop,
May, 1811.*

TO

THE HALLS

OF THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM

WASHINGTON

1900

THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM

Fitz-Gwarine,

A BALLAD OF THE WELSH BORDER,

IN THREE CANTOS.

CANTO I.

PERSONS.

FITZ-GWARINE—Lord of the Castle.

SIR ALBANY—a captive knight.

SIR WRENOE DE LIS—a knight of the English court.

JOHN OF RAUMPAYNE—a soothsayer.

CLARICE—daughter of Fitz-Gwarine.

MARION—daughter of Sir Joos of Normandy.

The SCENE is entirely in and near Whittington castle; and the TIME a day and night in Summer.

Fitz-Gwaine.

CANTO I.

BLITHE in a British-border Hall
(Near Whittington's old castle wall
With weeds and wild-flow'rs hung)
When feasted had each gallant guest,
This Legend at his Lord's request,
A youthful minstrel sung.
Much doubting how his rustic lays
Could hope such curious ears to please,
Tho' many a list'ning lady nigh
With rapture fir'd his truant eye.

WHY—(as Village tales recite)
 Yon castle's gloomy tow'r beside,
 Is dimly seen at fall of night
 A Phantom vested all in white
 Along the lake to glide,
 Where yon old window's ruins rude,
 Appear inverted in the flood;
 And then, as fades the twilight grey,
 Glides with the curling mist away?

In ancient days of high renown
 Not always did yon castle frown
 With ivy-crested brow;
 Nor were its' walls with moss embrown'd,
 Nor hung the lanky weeds around
 That fringe its' ruins now.
 Other hangings deck'd the wall
 Where now the nodding foxgloves tall
 Their spotty hoods unfold;
 Harebells there with bugloss vie,
 And gilliflowers of yellow dye,
 Seem now, to musing Fancy's eye,
 To mock the mimic tapestry
 That flaunted there of old.

Other guests than yon lone bird,
And other music here was heard

In times of better days;
Festive revelry went round
The board with blushing goblets crown'd,
And costly carpets clad the ground

Where now yon cattle graze.
Days were those of splendour high,
Days of hospitality,

When to his rich domain
Welcom'd many a crested knight,
Welcom'd many a lady bright,
Fitz-Gwarine of Loraine,

Sires were his from days of yore
That all the same distinction bore
Of title and of name;
A name that Valour's blazon'd blade
In feats of chivalry had made
The favourite of Fame.

He oft in border-battle sped,
And many a noble captive led

Back to the walls of Whittington,
 And soon each foeman's friendship won:
 For Kindness soon can reconcile
 Adversity herself to smile,
 Can soften Disappointments' frown,
 And line the captive's chain with down.
 This knew full many a captive lord
 At fam'd Fitz-Gwarine's friendly board;
 This knew each captive stranger nigh
 Except the knight Sir Albany.

" Sir Albany," Fitz-Gwarine said,
 " Crown high thy cup with sparkling red,
 And cheer thy drooping soul;
 Thy bravery Fame trumpets loud,
 And makes thy host, Fitz-Gwarine, proud
 To pledge thee with his bowl:
 What if for once Fame tells the fate
 That waited on thy courage late
 By Vyrnwy's river shewn?
 She'll also tell in praises high,
 How rushing on too daringly
 To save thy comrades' liberty,
 Thou'st sacrific'd thy own.

“ Too soon for me thy friends will bring
“ A noble ransom from thy king:
“ I marvel’d much they were so slow
“ As not to send two moons ago,
“ When home thy friends were ransom’d hence,
“ That thou no message had’st from thence.
“ I bade thee, knowing well thy heart,
“ Upon thy honour to depart;
“ Yet do’st thou on thy honour stay
“ Till ransom’d by thy friends away.
“ Fill with sparkling wine thy bowl,
“ Fill with hope thy ebbing soul;
“ And tell us why amid our cheer
“ Thou alone art joyless here,
“ Why each night, at Sorrow’s call,
“ Thou leav’st our gayly-taper’d hall,
“ To mark the pale moon’s liquid beam
“ Play on yon poplar-bordered stream?
“ Pity ’tis the manly heart
“ Should e’er affliction find,
“ Pity ’tis Reflection’s dart
“ Should hurt the upright mind;

“ Yet minds unconscious of alloy
“ Sometimes affliction loads;
“ Or with some dear departed joy
“ Too busy memory goads;
“ Or why should silent grief entwine
“ A heart, Sir Albany, like thine?”

“ Hours there are,” the knight replied,
“ Tho’ unto sorrow near allied,
“ Yet such to me their worth,
“ While pensive o’er the past I range
“ That hour, tho’ sad, I would not change
“ For many a day of mirth.
“ Through the Summer’s evening long,
“ Listening to the small birds’ song,
“ I love to wander all alone,
“ Brooding on joys that long are gone;
“ Or sit beside a green-hedge bank
“ Where the fern grows long and rank,
“ With many a peeping flow’ret bright
“ Of red or yellow, blue or white;
“ O then, of melancholy full,
“ My throbbing soul I love to lull,
“ ’Mid clouded Hope, and Memory dull;

‘ Yet beams from both I borrow

“ That do my heart with rapture fill,

“ (Like sunbeams on a distant hill)

“ And gild the gloom of sorrow.

“ Long were my tale, and tedious too,

“ (Ah! pleasing here, I fear, to few,)

“ Should I my present grief renew

“ By naming pleasures gone;

“ But, if my noble host’s inclin’d,

“ The tale of woe that haunts my mind,

“ I’ll briefly tell when him I find

“ At leisure, and alone.

“ Yet think not I was always sad;

“ The time has been no heart so glad

“ To join the festive ring;

“ Nor then was there a guest more gay

“ To chaunt the merry roundelay,

“ Or to the harp’s responsive key

“ The ballad blithe to sing.

“ But joys, like flow’rs, too soon decay,

“ Too soon give place to sorrow;

“ For where a rose has blown to-day,

“ You’ll find a thorn to-morrow.”

Paus'd here the knight; for none of all
 The guests throughout the festive hall
 Seem'd of his speech to mark a word,
 But careless sat around the board.
 One, leaning on his neighbour's chair,
 Told him how Ringwood chas'd the deer;
 Describ'd each thicket, wood, and glade,
 Each close pursuit, each doubling made,
 How they through birchy Blodwell came,
 And forded Morda's brawling stream.
 Another prais'd his fav'rite steed,
 Unmatch'd in beauty, strength, or speed.
 While this, upon his elbow laid,
 Sat mute, and with his goblet play'd.
 And that, in the mix'd converse blending,
 Was speaking now, and now attending,
 Half-list'ning to his neighbour's talk,
 Twirling a cherry by the stalk,
 And oft, amid the merry tattle,
 The toastman's empty cup would rattle,
 Beating the board as he address'd
 The next to name her he lov'd best.
 With various voice the table rung,
 And half a line was sometimes sung,

And sometimes at a story's pause
 Burst the loud laugh's sincere applause.

Yet think not 'mid this merry cheer
 That all were inattentive here

In festive laughter lost;

I only said the guests were so,
 While spoke the stranger-knight of woe,

For ah! not so the host:

He mark'd the stranger's altering brow,
 Now bright with joy, and darkening now,

As beam'd or gloom'd his mind;

His features seem'd for smiling made,
 Where joy unwilling seem'd to fade,
 Just like a landscape in the shade

Where sun-beams just have shin'd.

But well the kind Fitz-Gwarine knew,
 Where silent grief of mind is true,

And time must heal the heart,

How vain the kindest comfort's found,
 'Tis but to fret a closing wound,

And so encrease the smart.

Then to the knight he smiling said
 (As gently on his arm he laid

His friendly hand) " Sir knight, I pray
 " Tell me thy tale some other day;
 " And now, the pastime to prolong,
 " Afford my gallant friends a song.
 " Thou hast a fav'rite plaintive air
 " That from thy flute I sometimes hear,
 " What time thy walk thou dost pursue
 " As gently falls the ev'ning dew.
 " The notes, so delicate and coy,
 " Are touch'd to tell of grief and joy;
 " The very verses seem to float
 " And love to linger on the note:
 " Then sing, Sir Albany, the song
 " That sure must to that lay belong."

The knight complied, a harp he strung,
 And thus to "*The ashen grove*" he sung.

Sir Albany's Song.



(Welsh Air.—Llwyn-on.)

Thro' the tints of the rainbow the tree that we're viewing
Soft-colour'd and lovely at distance appears;
But on to the grove the delusion pursuing
We find the wet foliage all dripping with tears;

*So the soft beams of Hope to the heart of the lover
 Illumine with rapture some lingering day;
 But Time, gliding on, leads him there to discover
 His joys, like the rainbow, all faded away.*

*From the gloom of the show'r to the past valley turning,
 It smiles yet behind in the beams of the sun;
 The lover alike, disappointed and mourning,
 Remembers in sorrow the joys that are gone.
 But transient alike are the ray and the shower,
 The show'r that shall freshen the fields to the ray;
 And Adversity's clouds o'er the lover that lower
 Shall brighten his joy when they're faded away.*

The notes along the castle swell
 And search responsive Echo's cell,
 Who, from the vaulted roof on high,
 Gave the last note in symphony.

The hall's great western window gleams
 To the sun's descending beams
 That 'twixt the fretted munnions fall
 And mark them slanting on the wall,
 While over head the rays decline
 In many a level lengthen'd line.

Now walk the guests as lists them forth,
 And leave in groups the hall of mirth:
 Some within the castle court
 To manly exercise resort;
 Or else in playful pastime rove
 Beyond the moat in the ashen grove:
 While others gallantly repair
 To dally with the ladies fair,
 (And many a lovely maid was there) }
 For cheerless is the place, I ween,
 Where soothing woman is not seen,
 And rugged sure is that abode
 Where female foot has never trode.

But Albany, no care had he
 To join the company so gay,
 But forth he walk'd alone;
 And did his heedless footsteps urge
 Beyond the oak-wood's farthest verge,
 While the last sunbeams shone.
 They shone o'er Berwin's mountains high,
 And gilt the tow'rs of Oswestry,
 With the rich vale below;

And did their latest lustre shed,
 To grace old Breidden's lofty head
 With crown of golden glow.
 And earliest and latest still
 They love to kiss that honour'd hill.

Against an oak's grey-lichen'd side,
 Whose crooked roots a seat supplied,
 Awhile the knight reclin'd;
 And much it sooth'd him to survey
 The western sky in rich array,
 Where dallying with departing day
 The coming night combin'd.
 The curly clouds of purple hue
 Were broke by glassy fields of blue,
 That seem'd as lakes and rivers clear
 Winding through woody rocks afar,
 Isl'd with many a yellow mead
 That only fairy footsteps tread,
 Tread on bloomy flow'rs unpress'd,
 In fields of joy, and realms of rest.

While wander'd thus the pensive knight,
 There did at Whittington alight

A warrior from his steed;
With strength of stride and manly port
He walk'd across the castle court,
And pass'd the porch with speed.
Nor heeded he or knight or dame,
But to Fitz-Gwarine's chamber came,
And, doffing there his lillied crest,
The noble chief he thus address'd.
“ My lord, to Albany I come,
“ And leave for him my distant home,
“ Tho' nought he knows of me;
“ Deputed by his friends afar,
“ His ample ransom here I bear,
“ My name——Wrenoc de Lis.

“ But first, my lord, I must entreat
“ Your favour to a frolic feat,
“ A lady's love to aid;”
Then, stepping lightly o'er the floor,
He clos'd with care the chamber door,
And thus enquiring, said,
“ You might not know, my noble Chief,
“ A lady long has liv'd in grief

“ For love of Albany?

“ Wot ye, my lord, his secret flame?

“ Perchance ye know the lady’s name?”

—The chief replied, “ Since here he came

“ Of neither told am I.

“ Tho’ I had somewhere heard it said

“ He sorrow’d for an absent maid

“ He’d seen in Normandy;

“ (The place I left but yester-year)

“ But gently when I did him jeer,

“ He said he lov’d no lady there,

“ Then sigh’d, and turn’d away.”

Said Wrenoc,” ’twas a lady there

“ He lov’d; and now that lady’s here,

“ To-day with me she came;

“ But ere to him she will appear

“ She means to prove his love sincere;

“ She waits within the village near,

“ And Marion is her name.

“ Thou know’st her noble father well,

“ He does in fair-wall’d Ludlow dwell,

“ Thy neighbour’s name scarce need I tell,

“ Sir Joos of Normandy;

“ Yet here she comes in low attire,

“ Sighing to think how oft her sire

“ Has fought with Albany,

“ Have ye not mark'd a chilly breeze,

“ Too feeble far to stir the trees,

“ Just fret the leaves and flow'rs?

“ So little hopes and fears impart

“ A flutter to the female heart,

“ That fall unfelt on ours.

“ Women have whims and small requests

“ That agitate their tender breasts,

“ Tho' we as trifles eye them;

“ But when their feelings they divulge,

“ With looks that ask us to indulge,

Can any man deny them?

“ Now Marion fain would have you press

“ Sir Albany, with close address, -

“ To tell his tender tale;

And, thus to prove his faith, while I

Behind the tapestry hard by

“ The list'ning maid conceal.

“The tale you’ll easily obtain,
“As lovers like to tell their pain,
“When friends the story claim;
“But Marion most of all entreats
“That you’ll avoid, while he relates,
“To tell or ask her name.
“A lover’s tale with ardour glows
“While some warm friend attention shews;
“But if some harmless hint he throws,
“The lover’s heart is such,
“It proudly shrinks from what it scorns;
“Like that shy plant, beset with thorns,
“That shrivels at a touch.”

“Enough,” the gallant Chief replied,
“Your plan I clearly have descried,
“And pity ’twere I should prevent
“A feat so arch and innocent.
“I’ll have prepar’d within an hour
“A chamber in yon eastern tow’r,
“Where Marion safely may remain
“Unseen of all the festive train;
“But you that are not known at all
“May join us in the concert-hall,

“ And after that may safely come

“ To supper in the banquet room,

“ Where oft we sit an hour or so

“ To talk of tales of wit or woe.

“ And when the revellers retire

“ Loud summon'd by the sounding quire,

“ While you unto the hall advance

“ To mingle in the merry dance,

“ I'll pace with pensive Albany

“ The gallery of tapestry,

“ And hear his tender tale reveal'd,

“ While list'ning Marion stands conceal'd.

“ The gallery now pass you through,

“ And back unto the village go:

“ My trusty servant at the gate,

“ Instructed well, shall for you wait,

“ And when the shades of ev'ning lour,

“ Lead Marion to the eastern tow'r,

“ Refreshment and repose to take;

“ (The window, see, looks o'er the lake)

“ When all is safe you then may come

“ And join us in the concert-room.”

The distant moon now rais'd her head,
O'er massy clouds high-turreted,

As back did Wrenoc pass;
The eastern tow'r receiv'd her beam
That shew'd the window's fluted frame,
And glinted on the glass.

(But ivy now at eye receives
The moonbeam on its' glossy leaves.)

And Albany beheld it clear,
Returning now the castle near,
And as it rose the tow'rs between,
He gaz'd delighted on the scene:
He heard the distant swell and fall
Of music from the concert-hall,
Whence, thro' the branched windows high,
The glimmering tapers met his eye.

A soul had he that joy'd to flow
To music with enraptur'd glow,
Whether in bursts and lively strains
Of crowded harmony she reigns,
Or plaintive melody she sings
While notes of sorrow load her wings,

Load' her wings with tears she stole
 While comforting some sorrow'd soul.
 So, musing, mingles he among
 Of knights and nymphs the brilliant throng.

The seats are set,
 The hall is met
 With barons bold and ladies fair;
 With dazzling rays
 The tapers blaze;
 The minstrels and the bards are there.
 In splendid rows around the hall
 The guests are seated near the wall;
 Exalted high the choral throng,
 To strike the string, and send the song.
 And ever^{and} anon resounds
 The tuner's dissonance of sounds;
 Writhing and twanging as they stretch
 The shrilly note of pitch to reach;
 And now and then some fav'rite bar
 Is slightly touch'd with careless air;
 Or, dimly heard, some running trill,
 To try the harp or shew the skill

The strings are swept with hasty throw,
Half lost in busy buzz below.

Silent at length the chorus sate,
And for Fitz-Gwarine's coming wait;
Who entering now the gladden'd hall
Full burst the voices harps and all
In chorus, from the lofty arch,
Thus, to "*The Men of Harlech's March.*"

Ode to Harmony.



(Welsh Air harmonized.—*Gorhoffedd Gwŷr Harlech.*)

Harmony, from Heav'n descended,
Soaring first when Chaos ended;
And through Time and Space extended,

Heaven's first decree;

Pleasure's exultation,

Sorrow's consolation,

Thou'rt the glow

That Poets know

From rich imagination,

*The very soul itself refining,
All that's great and good combining,
God, and man, and angels, joining
Hail thee, Harmony.*

*Music breathes the lover's story,
Wakes in war the soldier's glory,
Leads in peace the dance before ye,
Merry maidens gay;
Social friends endearing,
Lonely hermits cheering,
Winter's gloom,
And Summer's bloom
With richest rapture peering;
O Spirit, thou to man befriending,
Past the pow'r of thought extending,
Countless worlds in order blending,
Heav'nly Harmony.*

Ceas'd the song, the harps are hush'd
Save where the tight'ning screws adjust
Some vagrant string the raptur'd bard
In extacy had struck too hard.

With many an air, and many a song
 Delighted sat the listening throng;
 Pleas'd the merry notes to mark
 That mock'd "*the rising of the Lark*,"
 As tho' untimely he'd begun
 To meet ere morn "*the rising Sun*."
 Nor pleas'd them less the plaintive strain
 "The Dying Bard of *Garreg-wen*;"
 And that, the melancholy lay
 Of "*Morva Rhuddlan's*" fatal day.

Tho' some (I ween of ^{*Courser*} ~~courser~~ soul)
 Untouch'd by Music's fine controul,
 Or dully dos'd or senseless sat
 Goading the next with idle chat.

Not such was Albany, whose nature
 Now beam'd confess'd in ev'ry feature,
 As oft, in sweet delight entranc'd,
 Around his greedy eyes he glanc'd
 Eager amid the virgin train,
 Looking some kindred glance to gain,
 Nor look'd he long nor look'd in vain: }
 For round the brilliant-taper'd room
 The snowy-vested virgins bloom,

Soft, to the song, their bosoms swell,
And, breathing, ev'ry cadence tell.

The stranger Wrenoc too was there,
Of lofty port and brow severe,
Tho' sooth, a wand'ring warrior he
That little car'd for minstrelsey.

But who the maid of sable eye
That blooms yon crimson curtain nigh?
Is it the curtain's crimson flush
That lends her cheek that lovely blush?
Is it the waxen taper's light
That lustres in her eye so bright?
Blushes her bosom's kerchief fair
To see itself outwhiten'd there?
And has some Fairy's magic pow'r
Her shape with beauties angel'd o'er?

No—there no borrow'd charms are shewn,
Thy beauties, Clarice, are thy own.

Clarice now commands my song,
Clarice, she unnam'd so long,

The nymph so May and mild,
 Majestic, gen'rous; free adress,
 But female'd all with loveliness,
 Bespeaks the noble maid no less
 Than great Fitz-Gwarine's child.

The painter that with mimic power
 Affects to ape the op'ning flower
 Or limn the luscious fruit,
 When touch'd with all his curious care
 With nature's self the piece comparè,
 Alas! how poor they suit.

Yet poorer suit my lifeless lays
 To tell of lovely Clarice praise;
 So elegant her form,
 As if Prometheus, old and sly,
 Had touch'd with taper from the sky
 The marble maid of Medici,
 And made it flush and warm.

But what avail the vermil cheek,
 Or brows that ringlets wreath;
 Or what the braided tresses sleek,
 And breasts that balmly breathe,

Did not each Virtue, mansion'd there,
 Enkindle bright the whole,
 And fling on ev'ry feature fair
 The sunbeams of the soul!
 And, Clarice, such a heart was thine
 That brightly bade each virtue shine
 When following far thy noble sire,
 Who fled a haughty monarch's ire,
 (And, tho' unblemished with blame,
 Was forc'd to bear a borrow'd name)
 To cheer him with thy filial smile
 O'er Ocean, Continent, and Isle,
 While won and lost, and lost and won
 Was his domain at Whittington.
 And now but doubtfully restor'd
 He seeks again his household board.
 Still dutcous in his train art thou
 Smiling to smoothe his harrass'd brow.

Still symphonied was many a song
 With native music rich and strong,
 Whose melodies so sweet and clear
 We still delighted love to hear;

For judgment chaste must ever own
 Thy pow'r, Simplicity alone,
 Untrick'd with all the flimsy chime,
 The dearthy din of modern time.
 (Tho' HE† indeed wrought wonders high
 Whose full melodious harmony
 Thro' all the diap^{son} driven
 Seraph'd the Songs of Earth to Heaven.)

Fitz-Gwarine spirited with praise
 The vocal and the lyric lays;
 When thus, while each the praises shar'd,
 Prophetic spoke a British bard.

“ The nation ours, and ours the fire
 “ To sweep the poet's lofty lyre,
 “ And sway the pow'r of song;
 “ In after-times shall England shine
 “ With bards to build the living line,
 “ Tho' Science yet is young.
 “ But ONE* above the rest shall rise
 “ Whose magic shall the world surprize,
 “ Shall raise Imagination's strain,
 “ And memorise a Virgin's reign.

† Handel.

* Shakspeare.

“ He shall with strange uncopied art
 “ Call up the phantoms of the heart,
 “ And rule them with his sole behest
 “ In fire to glow, or glide to rest.
 “ Nor shall he urge his modest aim
 “ To whiffle on the vane of Fame,
 “ But, dying, she his name shall place
 “ Her temple’s noblest niche to grace.
 “ No bays from Rome or Athens torn
 “ His gentle brow shall half-adorn,
 “ But British ivy shall entwine
 “ Around his ever-hallow’d shrine.
 “ And bards, of no ignoble strain,
 “ Shall after him in laurel’d train
 “ Grace thee in metre’s ev’ry stile,
 “ Thee, Britain, Ocean’s monarch-isle,
 “ Thee, Amphitrite’s brightest gem,
 “ ’Twill honour thee to honour them.”

The prophet’s rapture fir’d the throng,
 And plaudits rung the room along.

Meanwhile a signal was declar’d
 Of viands daintily prepar’d;

And summon'd were the moving train
 To join the festive board again.
 Fitz-Gwarine led the courtly crowd,
 While bards and minstrels choruss'd loud
 To all and each the sweet delight
 Of mirth and peace "*the live-long night.*"
 And pity 'twere so fair a throng
 Had left unprais'd the sons of song,
 Oh! pity had they not decreed
 The real poet's humble meed

O ye, who kindly have so long
 Indulging mark'd my early song,
 Oh! had I, what I cannot claim,
 One particle of poet's flame,
 With that, thro' life whate'er my fare,
 I'd warm the chilly heart of care;
 For neither gold nor pow'r I'd pray,
 Tho' poor my purse, tho' small my sway;
 Whate'er my toil, whate'er my task,
 One ivy-bud is all I'd ask,
 Where I, poor May-fly, couch'd may hide
 From spiteful spiders, many-eyed;

And that one leaf might spread at last
 To screen me from the biting blast,
 With chearful hum I yet would sing,
 And sun it with my summer wing.



The youthful minstrel paus'd; for here
 A harp symphonious met his ear;
 Unpeer'd Louisa's graceful hand
 Ran o'er the strings with soft command;
 Her lovely fingers smoothly rais'd
 The native notes he just had prais'd.
 The guests admire the silver sound,
 While fruits and wines are handed round.

Then as they walk
 Of tales they talk
 With something of a poet's pleasure;
 Some reprehend,
 And some commend
 The various-metred measure.

Some prais'd the Genius of their age
 In Him who sung the Goblin-Page;
 And her of Branksome, fair and sage.

And some with pleasure spake
 Of him, who, Palmer-like array'd,
 The tyrant scar'd who mured the maid.
 Tho' some the meed of merit paid

To Ellen of the Lake.

Some prais'd the master's hand, who fram'd
 The wondrous rhymeless measure, nam'd
 Of Thalaba the lay.

While others nam'd with more delight
 The maid who metred Falkirk fight,
 And barded Her with bay.

But now Louisa's lyre again
 For silence calls in lofty strain,
 The guests take off the goblets' blush;
 And once again the hall is hush.
 When no mean bard (whom now to name
 Might bring on fav'ring friendship blame)
 Kindled the youthful minstrel's zeal,
 And bade him now resume his tale.

Refresh'd, his harp the stripling strung, }
Encouraged, thus again he sung, }
But first a fitful flourish flung. }

Fitz-Gwarine,

A BALLAD OF THE WELSH BORDER,

IN THREE CANTOS.

CANTO II.

Fitz-Gwarine.

CANTO II.

Oh, Whittington, among thy tow'rs
Pleas'd did my early childhood stray,
Bask'd on thy walls in sunny hours,
And pull'd thy moss, and pluck'd thy flow'rs,
Full many a truant day.
And 'mid thy weed-bewilder'd ways
I've thought on Giants, Hags, and Fays,
Or ought that in those elfish days

My eager eye had read;
 And hying home at ev'ning tide,
 Scar'd if the circling bat I spied,
 I've pass'd in haste thy portals wide
 With no unpleasing dread.
 And oft I've stood in mute amaze,
 With fearful inquest fond to gaze,
 When lab'rours 'mid the stones
 Deep in the mortar-mingled ground
 Huge gyves, and iron fetters found,
 And canker-crust'd bones.
 Tho' oft were found, of antique mold
 Quaint bottles, burnish'd as with gold;
 Branch'd antlers of the deer;
 And fragments boss'd that bowls had been;
 With reliques more, yet shewn, I ween,
 Within the mansion here.
 And much I've mus'd with strange delight
 On him, the faintly-figur'd knight
 On fiery steed, Fitz-Gwarine hight,
 Berhym'd with rustic verse;
 But never did I dare to dream,
 Tho' mad to sip the Avonian stream,

That I this lawless lay should frame,

His prowess to rehearse :

And fault'ring fear would still prevail

Half-told to leave my tedious tale,

Did not your partial praise inspire

And rouse again my ling'ring lyre.

The wassailers awhile ago

Broke up the pasty of the doe;

And now with revel rung the board,

With luscious wines and fruitage stor'd;

The supper's gone, the goblets crown'd

And jest and jollity go round.

While each to each his talk addressing

With finger and with look expressing,

The converse of convivial crowd

Chaos'd in voices low and loud.

Yet ceas'd awhile the noisy cheer

A youthful sailor's song to hear.

Song.



(Welsh-Air.—*Merch Megan.*)

*The daughter of Megan so lovely and blooming
 I met in Glanavon's gay glittering hall,
 And high rose my heart, ambition assuming
 To dance with the damsel, the bloom of the ball.
 O daughter of Megan, look not so alluring
 On a youth that his hope with thy hand must resign,
 That now the sad pang of Despair is enduring,
 For the splendour thou lov'st can never be mine.*

*Go, daughter Megan, to circles of splendour,
 Each eye that beholds thee thy presence shall bless,
 And the delicate mind feel a passion more tender
 On thy beauties to gaze than another's possess.
 But, daughter of Megan, to-morrow I'm going
 On ocean to sail where the rude billows roar,
 And I feel my full heart with affliction o'erflowing,
 For perhaps I may gaze on thy beauties no more.*

The chair supreme Fitz-Gwarine grac'd,
 The stranger Wrenoc near him plac'd,
 With whom he join'd in converse, long
 Unmark'd of all the noisy throng.

"But how," said he, (and turn'd his breast,
 Leaning toward the stranger-guest)

"But how could he his royal boon

"His plighted faith forget so soon"?

Quoth Wrenoc, "nought can I reply,

"A stranger in his court am I;

"But would you ought in brief recite,

"Attention shall your task requite."

Proceeded then Fitz-Gwarine's tale,

Tho' high the hubbub's voicy gale,

But when attention once begun

They hush'd to hear him one by one.

"I need not tell the man who's trode

"Of courts the smooth and icy road,

"That falsehood makes her chief abode

"With those mis-call'd the great;

"But little thinks the untutor'd youth,

"Taught by the cottage-tale of truth,

“ Their titles, honours, pomp forsooth,

“ All, all a glist’ning cheat.

“ The titled virtues they assume,

“ Like flowery trophies on a tomb,

“ Unless the real virtues live,

“ Do but a sad memento give,

“ That he who got them, good or brave,

“ Bore them to blossom on his grave,

“ While feeble upstarts catch the name,

“ And glimmer with the fatuous flame.

“ Your king e’er look’d with jealous eye

“ On me, the court of Wales so nigh,

“ Our families by ring allied,

“ He fears me on this border side;

“ Nor is he also unadvis’d

“ How much my friendship should be priz’d.

“ Our treaty’s therefore like the time

“ Of March’s age and April’s prime,

“ Each to the other lending

“ A sunny smile, not over warm,

“ A gust, the whisper of a storm,

“ Each with the other blending.

“ Enough to name our last affray.
“ The prince, his temper lost at play,
“ The ches-board swung with coward sway,
“ And hurl’d my head upon:
“ Ill could the wrong my bosom brook;
“ I sent him first a furious look,
“ Then firm with knuckles clench’d, I strook
“ The pate of royal John.

“ The gathering storm soon did I see,
“ England was then no place for me,
“ Outlaw’d myself, my castle seiz’d,
“ Gold my rebellious head-price blaz’d,
“ Yet did no British bosom know
“ Where I retired, or friend or foe.
“ Poor Clarice on that troublous night
“ Was sole partaker of my flight;
“ Bellow’d the blast, the surges roar’d,
“ As tho’ a murd’rer were on board.
“ In Normandy I did commend
“ My daughter to an abbess-friend,
“ With whom in convent to remain
“ ’Till I my castle might regain.

- “ To Lewis’ court, a wandering knight
 “ Disguis’d I went, Sir Amice hight.
 “ Nor lack’d the lists wherewith to own
 “ My title to a knight’s renown.
 “ The courtly king my prowess prais’d,
 “ And high to honours would have rais’d;
 “ A Barony I did reject,
 “ Yet grateful bow’d with deep respect;
 “ And well I did, for soon by name
 “ Did England’s king his rebel claim;
 “ With me description did accord,
 “ Sir Amice prov’d the rebel lord.
 “ Me Lewis offering to protect,
 “ I did his tender’d love reject;
 “ For well I wot how small a seed
 “ ’Twixt king and king will burst and breed,
 “ And through each nation’s fields afar
 “ Enroot the lurid weed of war.

 “ Then long I trode the trackless woods,
 “ I drank of Don and Danube’s floods,
 “ At tilts my prowess proving;
 “ I pac’d with hoof and plow’d with helm
 “ The sandy and the salty realm,

- “ Pursuance kept me moving.
“ But as the binnacle’s bright bar
“ When driven from it’s home afar .
“ Will agitated veer,
“ Still trembling as it wavers round,
“ True to it’s native north ’tis found,
“ And always settles there.
“ So homeward still my bosom turn’d,
“ The foreign feats of strangers earn’d,
“ I held of small account;
“ A British friend fell in my way,
“ A jolly captain he by sea,
“ Hight Madour of the Mount.
“ One morn. as we in channel lay,
“ Loit’ring I mark’d the playful spray
“ Back on the big wave washing,
“ And list’ning to the trickling tide
“ That rippled on the vessel’s side
“ Green with the billows dashing,
“ I kent among the sailor crew
“ A knight disguis’d that well I knew,
“ And well his purpose guess’d:

“ With sinewy oar, fatigued and wet,

“ On board I saw that ev’ning set

“ Far in the wavy west.

“ Yet do not deem thro’ fear I fled,

“ I might have laid the lurcher dead,

“ But proudly did disdain,

“ His king less fearing to offend

“ Than stain the vessel of my friend,

“ And so my honour stain.

“ The sail that now I gain’d, erewhile

“ Gave up her gale to Orkney’s isle;

“ Where learning that a prison’d maid

“ Needed a knight her cause to aid,

“ I deeds of arms again begun,

“ And many a warrior’s trophy won,

“ There won ’mid armour’s clanking peal

“ My famous hauberk of hard steel.

“ I did the damsel now release,

“ Judge of her joy, my wonder wild;

“ She felt a father’s foud embrace,

“ Oh it was Clarice, ’twas my child!

- “ Borne from the Norman convent’s bowers
“ She captive came to Orkney’s towers.
“ A knight (she said) of honour high
“ Look’d for her love with am’rous eye.
“ And oft with fault’ring tongue had tried
“ To ask her for his honour’d bride;
“ But secret sigh’d the silent maid,
“ To tell her father’s fate afraid,
“ Yet willing (did my stars relent)
“ To grace her own with my consent.
“ They walk’d each eve the convent grove
“ Scarce conscious of encreasing love.
“ One day before her knight arriv’d
“ The British Monarch’s spies contriv’d
“ Poor Clarice from the grove to tear
“ And captive off to Orkney bear.
“ By tempests toss’d the seas we cross’d,
“ Thro’ Calpe’s straits to Carthage coast,
“ And bore the brunt of war and weather;
“ Yet did we find that fate grew kind
“ For oh—we were together.
“ Thro’ northern cold and southern heat
“ She taught my heart to smile on fate.

" Landing at length on Albion's isle,
 " But secret and disguis'd the while,
 " Of changeless friends a firm defile
 " That all to aid us chose,
 " Met us that mighty White Cliff nigh,
 " That raising abrupt it's head on high,
 " Seems bidding, as it seeks the sky,
 " Defiance to it's foes.

" For woodman's garb I chang'd my cloak,
 " In Windsor's woods of ancient oak
 " We found a safe retreat;
 " The king I knew there chac'd the deer,
 " And with my faithful comrades there
 " I conn'd a cupping feat.
 " One day the king alone appear'd,
 " When scarce the distant horn was heard
 " Our hiding-place hard by;
 " And as across my way he came,
 " Know'st thou (quoth he) of any game?
 " Aye—game enough (quoth I)
 " Ride to yon briery dingle rough
 " Trust me, I'll rouse ye game enough,

“ My bugle then I sounded;
“ My comrades heard the blast I blew,
“ Obey’d the signal that they knew,
“ And soon the king surrounded.

“ Cow’d was the king with speechless fear,
“ Yet stammer’d out, who have we here?
“ I flung the bonnet from my brow,
“ Know’st thou, (quoth I,) Fitz-Gwarine now?
“ I took a sword and o’er him swung it,
“ Then at his feet contemptuous flung it,
“ And turning to my comrade class,
“ Open, (I cried,) and let him pass.
“ Now go, Sir King, in freedom go
“ And copy courage from a foe.

“ I’ll grant (he cried) a pardon free,
“ Fitz-Gwarine, unto thine and thee,
“ And I’ll restore to thee anon
“ Thy franchise fair of Whittington,
“ Wilt thou again in homage bend,
“ And be my subject and my friend;

“ And here I plight my royal faith

“ Thy forfeiture free pardon hath. ”

“ Then, taught by me, the rebel ring

“ Bow’d, and we own’d him for our king.

“ But homeward ere we scarce had gone,

“ Scarce merry made at Whittington,

“ Surpriz’d we heard it said

“ That thrice five knights the king had sent

“ Who soon to make me captive meant,

“ And Albany their head.

“ The noblest foe I ever fought

“ Is Albany; and him we sought

“ As he came from Ludlow’s tow’rs;

“ And where in Vyrnwy’s yellow vale

“ Whitens the willow to the gale

“ When the south chill blackening lours

“ We met; and our coursers with galloping tread

“ Crush’d the tall buttercups down,

“ And the blood that we shed streak’d the orchis red

“ With a ruddier dye than its own.

“ But Albany, my foe profess’d,

“ Did fearless far before the rest

- “ The depth of danger’ stem;
“ But, thank my friends, I brought him here
“ To taste my castle’s choicest cheer,
“ And make him one of them.
“ Since when the faithless monarch shews
“ An outward offer of repose,
“ Yet still I stand prepar’d;
“ For when my foes their whirlwinds cast,
“ I disregard the blust’ring blast,
“ But when they’re calm I guard.
“ The silent water-drops alone
“ Deeper decay yon turret stone,
“ Than delug’d storms that dash,
“ Harmless the thunder’s- thumping jarr
“ That rocks the earth and rends the air,
“ But fatal is the flash.

“ Me Raumpayne John too, bids beware;
“ A Minstrel he, and Soothsayer,
“ To him I did a dream declare;
“ I shudder now to know it.

“ Methought I view’d with fond delight,
 “ Winter’s chaste flow’r of green and white,
 “ When ’twixt the leaves just met my sight
 “ A turgid toad below it;
 “ Sharply methought I then could see
 “ It’s jewel’d eye-ball dart on me;
 “ That moment pass’d a honied bee,
 “ That to the snowdrop came;
 “ The biggening reptile rued his stroke,
 “ And bloating burst with hideous croak;
 “ I started shock’d, and shivering ’woke,
 “———’Twas morning’s earliest beam.

“ Then tell your king, in me he’ll know
 “ The firmest friend, or fiercest foe.—
 “ The dastard! when our rebel crowd
 “ In Windsor’s wood his subjects bow’d,
 “ We meant, ’fore Heav’n! (so did not he)
 “ Honour and true fidelity.

“ But he beware!—his realm around
 “ We Barons yet are brothers bound,
 “ Since that Great Deed, for which with fame
 “ Posterity shall bless our name.

“ And still each other’s cause we’ll aid.

“——Has he forgotten Runnemedé?

“ My temper’s hot, my anger loud,

“ Like rolling rack of stormy cloud,

“ In souls, that should be great, to scan

“ Meanness, that misbecomes a man.

“ But where I find true Honour sway,

“ Not milder is the breath of May.”

Here ceas’d the Chief. Th’ admiring crowd }
Applauded ’till the board rang loud, }
While Great Fitz-Gwarine graceful bow’d. }

“ Dwell ye on dreams,” Wrenoc replied

“ Old women’s idlings I deride,

“ Or much indeed I might be mov’d

“ By one that yesternight I prov’d.

“ I’ll tell ye all I wot, nor care

“ For Raumpayne John, your jocular,

“ What it may bode I nothing heed

“ Wist ye I reck such idle rede?

“ Tho’, by St. George, as I’m a knight,

“ Waking, it chill’d me with affright,

“ But with the morning’s rising ray

“ The swallows twitter’d it away.

Wrenoc’s Dream.

*I was laid at the feet of a Virgin in white,
And methought all of heavenly hue,
For I saw by the soles of her sandals so light,
That were lac’d round her ancles so taper and tight,
That she trode not the dust or the dew.*

*Regard me, Sir Wrenoc, regard me (she said)
And regard the white rose that I bear,
For a talisman’s virtue around it is shed
To bless with delight both the board and the bed
Of him that regards it with care.*

*But a sable magician, before it is thine,
Must a mystical office perform,
Must a magical circle around it entwine,
Must adjure thee to swear by his Spirit and mine,
To preserve it in sunshine and storm.*

*The rose it blush'd lovely as greedy I gaz'd,
 And I snatch'd it with eager delight,
 But I found 'twas a blossomless briar I seiz'd,
 And, as vanish'd the Virgin, I shudder'd amaz'd
 At a hellishly horrible Sprite.*

*Entangled in terrors, I labour'd to fly,
 But my path was all dizzy and dim;
 And glancing aside ever glar'd to my eye
 The gaunt apparition with chattering cry
 Of jaws that were lipless and grim.*

*On, on, Thou Deceiver, on, on, be thou borne
 The rack of Repentance upon,
 By phantoms and furies thy brain shall be torn,
 Mine, mine is the blossom, but thine is the thorn,
 On, on, thou Deceiver! on, on!*

*Then swept the grey spirits around me in crowds,
 And the dismal wind whistled forlorn;
 At midnight we sail'd on the dark heavy clouds,
 The spectres still mutt'ring, as flutter'd their shrouds,
 Deceiver! on, on with thy thorn!*

*The rugged clouds parting uncurtain'd the night,
 And the moon for a moment was seen;
 On a white rock that pass'd us just glinted her light,
 Where my own shadow seem'd like a skeleton sprite,
 And my ribs shew'd the moonshine between.*

*We pass'd o'er a river, dull, sluggish, and drear;
 I look'd down it's smooth surface upon,
 But oh! the reflection that star'd at me there!
 A frightful grey skeleton's chattering sneer
 Seem'd to say, thou Deceiver! on, on!*

*Then down the dark eddy a blossom was borne,
 And a white hand emerg'd from the wave;
 As they sunk, I could hear from the waters forlorn,
 Mine, mine is the blossom, but thine is the thorn,
 Deceiver! on, on, to the grave!*

*Then, on, on, thou Deceiver! on, on, was the howl,
 As they shew'd me, with muttering tone,
 A corpse all uncoffin'd, all bloody and foul;
 I shiver'd, for oh, as it grinn'd with a scowl,
 I fancied the face was my own.*

*O then did a scream that loud yell'd in mine ear
 With a groan full of horror combine
 To awake me all chilly, and palsied with fear;—
 —But the scream was the cry of the shrill chanticler,
 And the groan was the low of the kine.*

*Yet ev'n when awake, and beholding the day,
 'Twas long ere my terror was gone;
 For I fancied the geese, in the cot where I lay,
 With their cackling and hissing ev'n still seem'd to say
 On, on, thou Decciver! on, on.*

*When Wrenoc ceas'd 'twas silence all,
 They heard the taper's icle fall;
 Nor car'd the guests remarks to make,
 But rising as their wine they take,
 Half lost half heard their voices ran
 As they to leave the hall began;
 To join the dance they soon were gone,
 In parties some, and some alone.*

*Yet one, of more attentive mien,
 Low at the board was seen to lean;*

While Wrenoc spoke, he glanc'd awry,
 And seldom twink'd his list'ning eye,
 But mark'd the dream with thoughtful look;
 Then off his cup's deep remnant took,
 And rose, when Wrenoc's dream was done,
 To leave the room.—'Twas Raumpayne John.

And as he op'd the door, the air
 Just made the tapers near it flare.
 And just was heard, in distance drown'd,
 The fitful harp's uncertain sound.
 A moment heard, and heard no more,
 For all was still when clos'd the door.

A vacant silence now ensued,
 And both awhile unheeding view'd
 The lights that shot with length'ning flame,
 Or melting dropp'd in trickling stream.
 Around the table many a chair
 Left carelessly stood here and there;
 The goblets, in uneven line,
 Left empty some, and some with wine;
 Wet circles glisten'd round the board,
 Or streaks of wine some guest had scor'd,

Perchance as some design he wrought,
Or eke perchance for want of thought.

“ Come, take thy wine” (Fitz-Gwarine said,
As he to Wrenoc turn’d his head)

“ Strange fears across my fancy came

“ Hearing thy wild bewilder’d dream;

“ Come, drink, we’ll join the dance anon;

“ I did not see my guests were gone.”

“ Strange fears?” (then Wrenoc starting said)

“ What fears can bold Fitz-Gwarine dread?

“ What fears across thy fancy came?

“ Did—did I tell thee all my dream?”

“ Or all,” (Fitz-Gwarine cried) “ or none,

“ I saw ’twas mark’d by Raumpayne John.

“ For as his ear thy accents caught

“ His looks embodied all his thought.

“ And in thy dream he seem’d to see

“ Some warning that awaited thee;

“ For thee, my guest, the fears I felt,

“ Lest o’er thy head some danger dwelt.

“ And as I mark’d his long-lash’d eye

“ My bosom beat, I knew not why.”

(Quoth Wrenoc) "troth, this searching wine
" Has warm'd thy head as well as mine;
" I do forget what I have said,
" Bewilder'd wand'rings fill'd my head;
" Cans't thou regard such idle toys?
" Bugbears to frighten girls and boys!

" But come, we'll to the busy dance,
" And mark each maiden's ogling glance,
" As lightly by they foot it fair,
" And waft around the od'rous air.
" But oh, Sir Chief, could I advance
" The lovely Marion to the dance!
" The blossom she of hall or bower,
" Now clos'd in yonder eastern tower;
" While sighs her absent Albany
" For her he deems in Normandy.
" Absence to love is like the shower,
" That dims the sun, and dewes the flower.

" Then oh, Sir Chief, could'st thou prevail
" On him to-night to tell his tale,
" I have the gentle Marion bid
" To stand behind the arras hid,

“ ’Twill soon be o’er if once begun.

“ ——I would the stratagem were done.”

Smiling, Fitz-Gwarine answer’d quick

“ I had forgot fair Marion’s trick.

“ I like for her thy service shewn

“ Anxious, as if it were thy own.

“ I’ll seek Sir Albany; go thou

“ And join the merry-makers now.

“ I’ll catch this heart-shot warrior soon,

“ Hiding his shadow from the moon.”

(Quoth Wrenoc) “ in the tender theme

“ Take care you ask not Marion’s name,

“ And as ye talk, your steps incline

“ Near where the parted hangings join,

“ Where Oak and Roses are combin’d,

“ ’Tis there that Marion stands behind.

“ Now part we, thou the knight to bring,

“ And I to join the revel ring,

“ Where I shall look for you anon,

“ With Albany and Marion.”

The lessen’d moon was mounted high,

And seem’d to hurry o’er the sky,

As fleecy clouds were passing by,
 Light scudding on the blast;
 The little stars were gone and seen,
 Peeping the parted clouds between,
 And many a moonbeam o'er the scene
 A fitful lustre cast;
 But in the distant woods afar
 Was heard the long and lasting jarr
 That told the wind was rising there.

With sounding step of eager haste
 Fitz-Gwarine o'er each draw-bridge pass'd
 Across the ditches deep;
 Dimly the ramparts round he eyed,
 And soon Sir Albany espied,
 With Raumpayne John close at his side,
 Descending from the Keep.

Ye know the Keep, my hearers fair,
 The grainger's garden now is there,
 And plaister'd beehives, thatch'd with care,

Where pinks and pansies grow;
 Yet still beneath the garden ground,
 The pavement to the spade will sound,
 That penetrates too low.

And now where oft was seen on high,
 The banner, streaming to the sky,
 Or blaz'd the beacon bright,
 The woodbine in a crevice clings,
 And low it's dangling tracery flings
 In tresses long and light,
 As tho' to kiss the sister-wreath
 Reflected in the lake beneath.

So frowns upon the buskin'd stage
 Awhile, the ruthless Richard's rage,
 And clanks the sword and shield;
 Then skip the light-sock'd lasses gay,
 In flowery bloom all fresh as May,
 And frisk on Bosworth field.

But back, my Muse, back to thy song.
 Thou art too frolic: but thou'rt young.

Fitz-Gwarine saw them both descend,
 Conversing close as friend with friend;
 But as he bent to hear their tale
 The distant harps swell'd on the gale,
 And from the hall by fits were sent
 The sounds of dance and merriment.
 Yet nearer as they darkling came
 He thought they mention'd Wrenoc's name;
 But as he caught the doubtful word
 A gust the rustling poplars stirr'd,
 And as it died upon the spray
 They parted each a several way;
 The circle gay sought Raumpayne John,
 But Albany came forward on,
 Where with his host Fitz-Gwarine meeting,
 He spoke him thus with friendly greeting.

" Sir Chief, O courteous thou, and kind,
 " Struggles thy heart with ravel'd care?
 " Or why's yon brilliant room resign'd
 " For moonlight pale and humid air?"

(Fitz-Gwarine then) " Sir knight, I come

" Thy steps to seek, thy cares to end;

" Can I enjoy yon brilliant room

" While sorrows thus my noble friend?

" Much have I mourn'd to see thee stray,

" Leaving my guests and festive cheer;

" But soon will shine thy happier day,

" Ev'n now thy dawn of joy is near.

" But see, the moon looks watery dim,

" And drizzly dews begin to fall;

" Let's walk my gallery dry and trim,

" I'll hear thy tale and tell thee all.

" Thy promis'd tale there let me know,

" I'm now at leisure and alone;

" Then the bright ray that ends thy woe

" That I've discover'd shall be shewn."

With fault'ring step, and sudden start,

As loud he heard his beating heart,

" Discover'd!" thought Sir Albany,

" Discover'd!—no it cannot be."

Then damp his chilly forehead knew

Damp other than the falling dew;


Nor was that long and inward sigh
 The passing gust that eddied by.
 Then said he, as with blushing thought
 Fitz-Gwarine's friendly hand he caught,
 " Sir Chief, I know thy noble heart,
 " And will my bosom's wound impart,
 " Altho' too certain do I see
 " I cannot hope for cure from thee;
 " But gladly in obedience due
 " I'll tell thee much and tell thee true;
 " But do not, do not probe too deep,
 " Her name at least, oh! let me keep;
 " For well thou know'st her noble sire
 " 'Gainst whom I've rais'd my sword in ire,
 " Nay ev'n his very life have sought,
 " But 'twas to serve my king I fought.
 " Then spare the heart a word may wound,
 " Stir not the thorns that twine it round."

Gloomy the gallery appear'd
 As high it's branchy arches rear'd,
 And dull the moon, as tho' she fear'd
 Within to trust her light;

And triple-chain'd a cresset swung,
 That scarce it's lonesome lustre flang
 To where the figur'd arras hung,
 Tho' triple-trimm'd and bright.
 Fitz-Gwarine gaz'd around, to find
 The Roses with the Oak combin'd,
 Where close the parted hangings join'd
 Nor gaz'd he long in vain;
 Then arm in arm they silent pass'd,
 While rose at times the whistling blast
 That rough against the windows dash'd
 The sharp and pattering rain.

But, gentle hearers, oh, too long
 I fear you deem my lengthen'd song;
 And here I fain meet pause would ask
 To renovate my tedious task;
 My harp ('till now but us'd to play
 The little song, the merry lay)
 Can ill the lofty tone retain
 Demanded in the border strain,
 For as my hand the flourish flings
 Feeble, I feel the slacken'd strings.

Unlike the harps you've heard of late
Whose fire and tension ne'er abate,
But waft the song in rapture thrown
With rich and undulating tone,
While Fancy feels her bosom bound,
And Genius rides upon the sound.



Again (the tighten'd tone supplied)
His harp the youthful minstrel tried,
And swept shortwhile the strings along
Preparing for th' approaching song,
But, ere he did his tale renew,
He thus a little prelude threw.

Fitz-Gwarine.

A BALLAD OF THE WELSH BORDER,

IN THREE CANTOS.

CANTO III.



Fitz-Gwaine,

CANTO III.

SPIRIT of Song, oh! at thy feet
Imparadis'd the poet lies
To court thy countless beauties sweet,
And watch the wildfire of thine eyes.
How mean to him the gilded toys,
The baubles that Ambition brings;
He'd closer hug thy bosom joys
Tho' call'd to grace the courts of kings.
The spoils that Wealth assiduous yields,
The rustling robe, the titled gear,
He leaves, to reap thy richer fields,
And drink thy sweets with eager ear.
And as he marks each glowing glance
That from thy radiant eyes are thrown,
Bounds his big heart in trembling trance,
And lights the lustre in his own.

Ev'n I (alas, no gifted bard)

With flowing heart thy haunts approach;
 And if at times my hand has dar'd
 To wake thy harp with timid touch,
 In sooth forgive the sounds so dull,
 The infant hand in sooth forgive,
 The very flow'rs it loves to cull
 Their memory shall long outlive.

Not wavers more the trembling shade
 That by the silken beech is made
 As May's delightful zephyr waves
 In playful sport its lucid leaves;
 Than every thought the lover knows
 When Memory the embers blows,
 And bids the glowing warmth arise
 That buried in his bosom lies,
 Awhile to sparkle in his eyes;
 And quick thro' gleam and gloom to run,
 Like chequer'd leaves in shade and sun.

Such feeling Albany confess'd
 As thus Fitz-Gwarine he address'd.

- “ No titled ancestry I boast,
“ All in Time’s upper current lost;
“ Hard-handed men my fathers were
“ Inur’d to guide the brighten’d share.
“ They ran their course in lowly lot,
“ Just streak’d the stream, and were forgot.
“ Yet had their shields in ’scutcheon’d pride
“ Each rich heraldic blazon dyed,
“ On me less vantage had they shed
“ Than did my father’s honour’d head.
“ My hoary sire me early taught
“ What substance was, and shadow what;
“ That honour flows from noble race
“ No more than shame from sire’s disgrace;
“ That oaks may rise erect and free
“ From acorns of an humble tree;
“ That honour he alone acquires
“ Who after it himself aspires;
“ That the best gift from sire to son
“ Is heav’nly Education,
“ She, the chaste nymph, so free and fair,
“ Will prompt to deeds, that, rich and rare,
“ Shall with more glory grace his grave,
“ Than paltry ’scutcheons ever gave,

“ And bear his honours to that shore
 “ Where toys and titles are no more.

“ This sword, Sir Chief, that now I bear,
 “ But ill becomes my peaceful thigh;
 “ For, tho’ this tassel’d garb I wear,
 “ No plume-proud warrior am I.
 “ Year after year I peaceful stray’d,
 “ To Art betroth’d, to Nature more,
 “ Where, faithful to her Alfred’s shade,
 “ Fair Isis sweeps the classic shore.
 “ And only once has Autumn strew’d
 “ With drifted leaves her lofty bowers,
 “ And once has Spring those leaves renew’d
 “ Since last I left her sacred towers.
 “ Her tow’rs I left with silent sigh,
 “ As parting from a parent’s arms;
 “ For ah, no parents then had I
 “ Save Heav’n, and Oxford’s heav’nly charms.
 “ But her, I say, I then forsook
 “ To ramble Gallia’s bosky bourne;
 “ Of Nature’s wide un-errour’d book
 “ Eager each living leaf to turn.

“ Travel in early youth I sought,
“ Long ere my noon of life was come;
“ That noon and eve with joy, I thought,
“ Might gild my little native home.

“ For he (unless in early time)
“ That rambling leaves his native clime,
“ Is not unlike the sapling tree
“ Rooting, where Nature drop'd it, free,
“ Transplanted from it's native place
“ Some dry and barren spot to grace,
“ Stinted it bears nor flow'r nor fruit,
“ In spite of fondly-water'd root,
“ But pines, with toughen'd bark tight bound,
“ And scurfy lichens moss it round.
“ So he that leaves his long-lov'd home,
“ Too soon, too late, may find
“ Go where he will, that cares will come,
—“ The lichens of the mind.

“ As for court-favours, thought have I
“ When in the woods reclin'd, my eye

“ Watch’d the wan leaf the zephyr whirls
“ That, cobweb-caught, light spinning twirls,
“ Court-favours!—hang they not, I wis,
“ Ev’n on a brittler thread than this!

“ But oh, in some sweet vale unknown
“ A cot that I might call my own
“ Was all my heart’s desire;
“ A stock select of letter’d lore,
“ An eye to glance all Nature o’er,
“ And leisure for the lyre.
“ And as for Love, I deem’d his dart
“ Just temper’d by the poet’s art,
“ Could there alone prevail:
“ But (O, forgive a soldier’s sigh)
“ Too soon a black and brilliant eye
“ Taught me another tale.
“ It taught me that the poet’s eye
“ But only tinged with prisms dye
“ The woof that Nature wove;
“ Taught me how hard it was to tear,
“ Tho’ fine as filmy gossamer,
“ The woven web of Love.

“ It taught me *why* in vale unknown

“ A cot that I might call my own

“ Was all my heart's desire,

“ With stock select of letter'd lore,

“ And eye to glance all Nature o'er,

“ With leisure for the lyre.

“ O Woman! not confin'd thy pow'r

“ To sweeten life's embitter'd hour,

“ But needed, O enchantress sweet,

“ To make it's very joys complete!

“ Who feels not when a woman's brow

“ That approbation of her eye

“ Gives added azure to the sky;

“ Warmth to the poet's fire;

“ Beauty to each little flow'r;

“ Richness to the letter'd hour;

“ And sweetness to the lyre!

“ Who feel not this, tho' high their lot,

“ Their pow'r, their wealth, I envy not;

“ Who feel not this, may pleasure prove,

“ But cannot, dare not, say they love.

" Pardon a lover's rambling vein,
 " I'll try to check my busy brain;
 " Enough to say I met the maid,
 " And oft we sought the moonlight glade;
 " But the succeeding moon that shone
 " My wand'ring shadow shew'd alone.

" Of her, of heart, of hope bereft,
 " Not ev'n her very name was left,
 " For always, obstinately shy,
 " She did her name and house deny.

" Then sad and heart-sick home I hied,
 " And to my former haunts applied;
 " But there no object could I find
 " But brought the lovely maid to mind.
 " In Music's note her voice I heard,
 " Her blush in the wild-rose appear'd,
 " The balmy breeze, the od'rous air,
 " The hall, the bow'r was full of her;
 " My lyre, like his the Teian bard,
 " Did ev'ry theme but love discard.
 " And, to encrease my fever's rage,
 " I drank at Ovid's amorous page.

" Thus ever haunted by the ^{gl}mind,
 " I flung me from the thoughtful shade,
 " Sought the gay scene, the bright resort
 " Of city crowd, and royal court.
 " Where learning that the king had need
 " Of knights at arms for hostile deed,
 " I threw aside the classic gown,
 " In chivalry to gain renown,
 " And prove that sons of British line
 " In arms, as well as arts may shine.
 " Hoping the deeds of arms I prov'd
 " Might reach the ear of her I lov'd,
 " And soon they did, for oh! unknown
 " Against her sire those deeds were shewn.
 " 'Twas then with fatal fear and shame
 " I learn'd her honour'd house and name;
 " A British Baron's daughter she,
 " And oh, her sire well known to thee.
 " This late I learn'd (no matter how)
 " But cannot, dare not, tell it now,
 " For———
 what was that?—hush—
 blood and death!
 " Did you not hear some one's breath?"

Fitz-Gwarine thought he heard a sigh
 As close they pass'd the arras nigh;
 But louder treading, quick replied—

“ Breath!—no, it was myself that sigh'd,
 “ Sigh'd, anxious for your laden breast;
 “ But come, my friend, come tell the rest,
 “ For, if I am her father's friend,
 “ Your enmity I soon may end.”

“ Quoth Albany,” O Chief belov'd,
 “ My arm against his life hath mov'd,
 “ Which makes us smother close our fire,
 “ In fear of her offended sire.
 “ But would he on our union smile,
 “ The king and him I'd reconcile.
 “ Think ye he'd grant my urgent suit?
 “ Think ye, Sir Chief, that you could do't?”
 “ Aye, troth,” (he cried) “ Sir Albany,
 “ To such a noble foe as thee.”
 “ Then” (cried Sir Albany) “ I'd fain
 “ Request——

death! there's the breath again

“ It was not you, I can’t mistake,

“ Look there—I saw the arras shake.”

“ Come, timid lover, calm thy mind,”

(Fitz-Gwarine said)—“ it was the wind.

“ Go on:” (and then his arm he took)

“ Why do’st thou so attentive look?”

The knight here stop’d, and fix’d his eye

Fast on the figur’d tapestry,

And long with eager gaze he strove.

Expecting soon to see it move;

Then cried, “ O, if for me, Sir Chief,

“ Thou can’st obtain the lovely thief

“ That stole my heart’s-ease, in that cell

“ Sole tenant she shall ever dwell,

“ Her guardian I, divinely blest

“ To guard and tend so sweet a guest.

“ For thee, Sir Chief, I have in view

“ Some services that I may do.

“ By this good sword, that now I draw,

“ I’ll swear to keep thy foes in awe;

“ Nay more, those foes thy friends I’ll bring,

“ And ev’n for thee will speak the king.

" With thee as friend will ever go,
 " And should I find some lurking foe,
 " With this good sword (that only fail'd
 " When it thy mighty hand assail'd)
 " I'll pierce him 'till his life-blood flows,
 " As now I piercé this figur'd Rose."

Then fiercely, as the word he spoke,
 He stabb'd the arrass'd Rose and Oak;
 And instant heard, in dying tone,
 A shrieking scream and hollow groan.

O, fancy, as some ploughboy rude
 Deprives her of her downy brood,
 How feels the cushat dove!

Her anxious hope defeated now,
 She trembles on a bending bough,
 With looks of murder'd love.

So felt Fitz-Gwarine as he rais'd
 His arm, and Albany's he seiz'd,

But ah, he seiz'd too late,
 As, " hold, thou heedless youth," he said,
 " It is thy love, thy own true maid;"

But oh, the wound was fate.
Judge ye the wild and fix'd surprise,
The looks of his astonish'd eyes
O how shall language tell?
When from the parting tapestry,
With gory gash and languid eye
The dying Wrenoc fell!

“ Forgive,” (he fault’ring thus began)
“ Forgive a wretched dying man;
“ Alas, for death how unprepar’d!
“ For lured with hope of large reward,
“ Encourag’d by a dastard king,
“ I here this cursed dagger bring;
“ This dagger, O Fitz-Gwarine good,
“ Design’d to-night to drink thy blood.”

Fitz-Gwarine loud to call began
“ Support, assist the dying man.”
Repentant Wrenoc cried again
“ Support, alas, is all in vain,
“ For Albany by hand divine
“ To save thy life has finish’d mine;
“ But let me all my crimes confess,

“ My panting heart heaves less and less ;

“ I feel the film enfold my eyes,

“ And fast my recollection flies.”

Then heaving on his elbow high

He fetch'd a deep and long-drawn sigh.

After short pause, with quivering lip,

His hand hard pressing on his hip,

He cried—“ at Ludlow from a friend,

“ I learn'd that Albany ——

Oh lend

“ Thy hand, undo my breast,

“ For by the belt 'tis sore opprest—

“ I did a crafty falshood frame,

“ O false, all false—except the dream.”

Then fearfully with hurried eye

He said, with agitated sigh,

“ Oh, drive those shadows from the wall,

“ Look there—there—where the moonbeams fall ;

“ —Ye frightful fiends—

I'll come anon—

“ Hark!—don't ye hear them—

—on, on, on !

“ O maddens fast my burning brain ;

“ But here—this letter will explain—

“ This letter to the king I wrote—

“ —’Tis lost—alas, I have it not.”

Quoth Albany, “ just now ’twas found

“ I’th’ banquet-room upon the ground,

“ And brought to me by Raumpayne John

“ It urg’d me to the deed I’ve done.

“ Here, as we paced it to and fro,

“ Villain, I saw thy foot below ;

“ Hints then I threw here in thy way

“ To rouse thee unto equal fray.

“ I not so soon to slay thee meant ;

“ To rouse thee was my blow’s intent.”

You’ve seen in March’s chilly morn

A heavy raindrop on a thorn

A moment bright and glaring ;

Then for a moment dim and dead ;

Then burnish’d bright all fiery red,

With dazzling flashes flaring ;

And, as the sighing gust came o’er,

Fall damp and dead to shine no more.

So Wrenoc's wan and heavy eye
 The quivering lids of pallid dye
 At times but barely parted;
 Then sudden o'er his features came
 A fearful, wild, and vivid gleam
 That looks of horror darted;
 And then again they seem'd to close,
 And sink a moment in repose.

Short while they paus'd, as wild and wan
 They mark'd and sooth'd the dying man.
 They heard the wind with rushing sound
 That eddied shrill the castle round,
 The trees howl'd hollow to the blast,
 The moon her flickering lustre cast
 Among the rocking branches tall,
 And mark'd them waving on the wall.

 With languid eye and lessening pain,
 Wrenoc essay'd to speak again:

 “ Hear me forgive before I go,
 “ Sir Knight, thy well-directed blow;
 “ Can ye forgive the crimes so foul
 “ That torture now my struggling soul?”

Fitz-Gwarine then——“ O as I live
“ Most freely I thy crimes forgive,
“ For who can dare to pray to Heaven
“ That bids his foe die unforgiven?”

Quoth Albany, “ that text is true,
“ And Oh, may Heav’n forgive thee too.”
Wrenoc rejoin’d, with heaving heart,
“ I’ve but confess’d a little part—
“ The maid deceiv’d—oh burst, my breast,
“ — Let injur’d virtue tell the rest.—
“ See, see again—upon the wall—
“ And, hark!—I dimly hear them call.
“ — Torture no more my rustling ears—
“ Shrowd not my dying soul with fears—
“ Go, fiends,—I’ll follow—aye—begone—
“ —Oh! how they tear me—
—on, on, on!”

Then with a long, and lengthen’d sigh,
He rais’d his dimly-glistening eye,
One look upon Fitz-Gwarine cast,
And deeply groaning, breath’d his last

Heaving convuls'd; then on the floor
 Dropp'd all at once, and mov'd no more.
 Fell the curs'd dagger from his hold;
 And soon his face look'd deathly cold,
 Fix'd with a hard and stony glare
 That Horror strong had sculptur'd there.

Hold out, my harp, nor let a string
 Relax, the deeds of death to tell;
 Of weal and woe we yet must sing,
 That soon this castle fair befell.
 Proceed we now o'er many a stair
 As great Fitz-Gwarine led his guest,
 To feast his eyes with lady fair,
 All in her chamber in the east.
 And as they pass'd along, he said,
 “ Before to-morrow's ev'ning come,
 “ Shall Wrenoc's mis-directed head
 “ Be laid below the silent tomb.
 “ Clerks shall attend in sable stole,
 “ And holy masses shall be said;
 “ I'll pray for his eternal soul;
 —“ Fitz-Gwarine wars not with the dead.

“ But come, Sir Knight, to whom I owe
“ My life for what thy hand has done;
“ I’ll give thee life, for now I’ll shew
“ Thy own true love, thy Marion.”

Fitz-Gwarine wonder’d much in mind

The knight was rous’d not at her name;
He follow’d pondering slow behind,
When to the eastern tow’r they came.

The tow’r *then* all in rich array
With ewers, couch, and settles gay,
With golden toys and cresset bright,
For lady fair, or carpet-knight.

But *now*, around, and down below
The nightshade and the nettle grow,
And early pileworts there unfold
Their little stars of burnish’d gold;
And close beneath the weedy walls
The spotty-bellied lizard crawls;
Or (turn a stone) the mailed worm
Enrings itself in spiral form;
And winds away on gliding tread
The fiber-footed millepede.

Such squallid habitants are plac'd
In halls that Beauty once has grac'd.

Fitz-Gwarine rous'd the musing knight,
And bade him now prepare his sight,
“ Come, laggard, enter thou before,
“ Come, courage, friend, this is the door.”

He op'd the door, and there was seen
A maiden of dejected mien,

That sat the table nigh;
Her head upon her hand reclin'd,
She wistful seem'd, but yet resign'd,

And laden was her eye.

Again Fitz-Gwarine's wonder grew,
They not unto each other flew,

As thus he smiling said;

“ In truth she'll make a bonny bride.”

And Albany all cool replied

“ In truth, a goodly maid.”

All three awhile in wonder gaz'd,
Each with the other's look amaz'd,

For Marion neither knew;

But when they told of Wrenoc's fate,
She did her simple tale relate,

Too sad, and oh ! too true :
 With wringing hands and tears and wail
 It was she told her simple tale ;
 But first she heav'd a silent sigh,
 And ev'ry feature seem'd to speak ;
 The big drop glisten'd in her eye,
 Then trickled down her cheek.

“ Slain is my love, my hopes are gone,
 “ And friends now have I never a one ;
 “ Wrenoc, tho' false and recreant prov'd,
 “ I lov'd, alas, too dearly lov'd.
 “ When captive him in dungeon deep
 “ Thy valiant neighbour Joos did keep,
 “ I freed him, but with quenchless flame,
 “ I in my turn his captive came.
 “ By day Sir Joos he fear'd to see,
 “ But nightly paid his court to me :
 “ Ladders of love I knotted tight,
 “ And in my chamber plac'd a light ;
 “ But oh, the pangs I've since endur'd,
 “ Shew me that 'twas myself I lur'd.
 “ Spite of his oaths and heedless vows,
 “ He never meant to be my spouse.

“ On hearts like his the vows they make

“ No longer-lasting traces leave,

“ Than sportive flies that circling streak

“ The glassy pool on summer's eye.

“ He left me for the monarch's court,

“ Of lighter hearts the gay resort,

“ Yet still to lure him back I strove,

“ And penn'd the breathing page of love.

“ At length he came; but then he said

“ To Whittington in haste he sped;

“ A mandate from the royal hand

“ Secret he carried by command;

“ And if, disguis'd and private, I

“ Would thither him accompany,

“ His message o'er, perform'd his 'hest,

“ Our hands should by the clerk be blest.

“ All day we rode yon hills across,

“ Nor stopp'd by forest, moor, or moss;

“ Bright was the day, and fair the scene,

“ Yet Wrenoc rode with gloomy mien,

“ At length (what time the insects gay

“ Disported in the evening ray)

“ He left me in yon bushy ground
“ With blossom’d furze all yellow’d round;
“ To fetch me, soon return’d again,
“ And bade me, in this room remain,
“ ’Till he had done his king’s behest,
—“ Alas,—I see ye know the rest.”

She sobbing, with her lilly hand
Kerchief’d her lovely face;
Ill could their manly hearts withstand
Such bosom-breaking grace.

Like flakes left by a snowy shower
On Winter’s meek and modest flower,
Its bending head enveiling,
While o’er the flowery folds so white
Trickles the chrystal tear-drop bright,
All slow and silent stealing.

“ Misfortun’d Marion” (said the chief)
“ A social friend’s unforc’d relief
“ My daughter shall apply;
“ In sleep forget awhile thy woes,
“ Peace to thee, child, and sweet repose.
—“ Come, noble Albany.”

As they descend the winding stair,
At times they stop, and thoughts compare,

Where hang the cressets high:

Fitz-Gwarine wish'd his doubts remov'd;

The maid his brave deliverer lov'd

He sought with asking eye.

Ye hearers kind, that list my lay,

I wot your looks all seem to say

The maid ye long have guess'd;

Attend, for shortens now my strain,

As he with quickly-pulsing vein,

The secret name confess'd.

“ O Chief, thy captive guest forgive,

“ Nor wonder here he chose to live,

“ When here abode his secret love,

“ Tho' small of converse could we prove.

“ Need I declare, Sir Chief, that I

“ Am that same knight of Normandy?

“ Need I recount the sharp assail

“ I gave thy hand in Vyrnwy's vale?

“ Then captive brought to Whittington,

“ Bound to the rock I split upon,

" I saw, and sorrowing learn'd her name,
 " Yet we contriv'd to hide our flame,
 " 'Till I no more might dread the ire
 " Of *thee my foe, of thee her sire,*
 " O needs it then, Sir Chief, he said
 " Thy Clarice is my faithful maid?"

I wot it boots not here to tell
 What soon this happy pair befell,
 The merry jest, the revel gay
 That circled on a distant day,
 Fair maids, I wot ye guess it well;
 Befits my lay alone to tell
 That tho' Fitz-Gwarine's noble name
 Now habits but the house of Fame,
 His virtues live, his honours shine
 Thro' Albany's yet living line:
 Grace may they e'er from son to son
 This fair domain of Whittington,
 Espousing, as of late they have,
 The daughters of the truly brave;
 And shine may each succeeding pair
 Brave as our knight,—as Clarice fair.

Yet leave we not unfold, I trow,
 The fate of Marion, maid of woe,
 But shew before the story die,
 On what we hang our drapery;
 And soon, I ween, will all be done,
 Closing with what we first begun.
 Then, O my harp, for thee and me:
 Silence is best apology.

Damp, dull, and cloudy look'd the day
 As morn arose in shrowd of grey;
 Stirr'd not the wind the sighing oak,
 Yet downwards dash'd the spreading smoke;
 A fringe cloud, dark, heavy, still,
 Curtain'd thy brow, Selattyn hill.
 The fog was slowly seen to glide
 Adown old Breidden's craggy side,
 That scarce his head abrupt could shew
 Thro' heavy clouds that hung below;
 — Sign certain to the knowing swain
 Portentive of impending rain.

And now, with more than sister's care,
 Sweet Clarice sought for Marion fair,

With hopes to heal her woe;
 In vain, alas, she look'd around,
 For ah! poor Marion's corse was found
 Deep in the lake below!

Since when, as villagers believe,
 Her spirit haunts the lake at eve.
 But soon the fog of error flies,
 As bright the rays of knowledge rise,
 With light, and warmth, and comfort kind
 Glancing within the gloomy mind.

And soon the rays of knowledge here
 The rising villagers shall cheer;
 For fast beside the castle pool
 A Christian true has rais'd a school,
 (Of Albany descended He
 The friend belov'd of Man and me)
 Where bright her beams Religion flings,
 And Science plumes her infant wings,
 And little eyes with tear-drops dim
 Smile gratitude to God and him.

And as my harp's now ceasing lay
 Upon the distance dies away,

Whose witching notes of comfort kind
 Dispel the gloom of my poor mind;
 So Science soon shall Reason bid
 To exorcise the spirit-rid,
 And Superstition drive ere long
 To live but in the poet's song.

Now, harp, farewell; no more we'll hold
 The tir'd attention; for 'tis told—
 WHY—(as village tales recite)

Yon castle's gloomy tow'r beside,
 Is dimly seen at fall of night,
 A Phantom vested all in white,

Along the lake to glide,
 Where yon old window's ruins rude
 Appear inverted in the flood;
 And then, as fades the twilight grey,
 Glides with the curling mist away.

The Author, unwilling to burden his little book with notes, refers those readers who may wish to peruse some historical account of the Fitz-Gwarines, to Leland's Collectanea; Philips's Shrewsbury; and Penant's Tour in North Wales; as being the books of readiest access.—The ancient Welsh Melodies alluded to, may be found in Jones's Reliques of the Bards, and the collection of Parry.

Rhymes.

PART I.

Legendary,

——— “ it is old and plain,
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their threads with bones
Do use to chaunt it ; it is silly sooth.”

TWELFTH NIGHT.



The Greye Baron;

A BALLAD,

IN IMITATION OF "THE RED-CROSSE KNYGHTE."

PARTE THE FIRSTE.

- " WHITHER so faste, thou ladye faire,
" Ah stoppe thy steede so whyte,
" The sunne is hyghe in the westerne skye,
" And distante is the nyghte:
" Ah stoppe and soothe the sorrowes sadde
" That in my castle preye,
" Where no songe can sounde, nor dance goe rounde,
" Nor musicke merrilie playe."

“ Ah why me staye, thou Baron greye?

“ Ah why delaye my flyghte?

“ The sunne is hyghe, but I must flye

“ To distant realmes to-nyghte:

“ I hasten o’er the mossie moore,

“ To wedde my lover gaye.

“ Where the songe shall sounde and the dance goe rounde

“ And the musicke merrilie playe.”

“ Yet deigne to taste the lordlie feaste

“ That I this nyghte prepare,

“ For what’s a feast unless it’s grac’d

“ With store of ladyes faire?

“ The tender mynde no joye can fynde

“ Where ladyes are awaye,

“ Tho’ the songe may sounde and the dance goe rounde,

“ And the musicke merrilie playe.”

“ I cannot staye, thou Baron greye,

“ Thro’ woodie wildes I rove;

“ And where’s the thing can staye the winge,

“ Th’ unwearied wing of love?

“ Yet to soothe thy care and sadde despaire

“ An houre or two I’ll stayer,

“ Tho’ no songe shall sounde nor dance goe rounde,

“ Nor musicke merrilie playe

* * * * *

“ The rollinge sunne his race hath runne,

“ The twylyghte’s glimmerings fade;

“ The moon is bryghte and the starres are lyghte—

—“ Six tedious houres I’ve stay’d.

“ Far hence I rove to meet my love,

“ (This is my wedding daye)

“Where the songe shall sounde and the dance goe rounde

“ And the musicke merrilie playe.

“ Yet ladye, stayer, once more I praye,

“ Another boone I crave;

“ My onlie sonne is deade and gone,

“—This nyghte he seekes the grave;

“ Sixe virgins faire his palle will beare,

“ And see him laide in claye,

“ And the belle shall sounde and the chaunte goe rounde

“ And the slowe dirge heavilie playe.

“ Then heare my prayer, thou ladye faire,
“ Nor o’er the mountains rove;
“ Remaine with me a youthe to see
“ That dy’d for ladye’s love.—
“—Prepare the tombe, the houre is come,
“ Goe beare my sonne awaye;
“ Let the death-belle sound and the chaunte goe rounde,
“ And the slowe dirge heavilie playe.

“ Goe on, goe on, ye sable thronge,
“ In solemn silence move;
“ A youthe ye beare, ye virgins faire,
“ That dy’d for ladye’s love.—
“ Acrossse the nyghte let tapers bryghte
“ Shoote forthe a lengthen’d raye,
“ Let the deathe-belle sounde and the chaunte goe rounde
“ And the slowe dirge heavilie playe.”

Then sadde and slowe the virgins goe,
—The ladye follow’d too,
When lookinge downe the coffin on—
—Her lover’s name she knewe?

Her limbes so faire no more could beare,

But on a tombe she laide,

While the belle did sounde and the chaunte wente rounde

And the slowe dirge heavilie play'd.

The Greye Baron.

PARTE THE SECONDE.

“ Yet wipe thy teare, thou ladye faire,

“ Thou yet may'st happie bee;

“ But since my sonne is deade and gone,

“ No joye remains for mee:

“ A lover kinde thou soon may'st finde

“ 'Mid scenes of pleasure gaye,

“Where the songe shall sounde and the dance goe rounde

“ And the musicke merrilie playe.

“ Yet, ladye, praye, when far awaye

“ To happie mansions gone,

“ Ah thinke, I praye, on the Baron greye,

“ And of his hapless sonne.

“ Then fare thee welle, and may'st thou dwelle
“ 'Mid scenes of pleasure gaye,
“ Where no chaunte goes rounde nor deathe-belles sounde
“ But musicke merrilie playe.”

“ Ah cease, I praye, thou Baron greye,
“ Thy comforte is in vaine;
“ The hearte for aye that's given awaye
“ Can ne'er be given againe.
“ I'll put me on thy mourninge gowne,
“ And at breake and close of daye,
“ The belle shall sounde and the chaunte goe rounde,
“ And requiems heavilie playe.

“ Yet ah, throw backe thy weedes of blacke,
“ Since now the dirge is done,
“ For in thy face I faintlie trace
“ Some features of thy sonne:
To soothe thy paine I'll here remaine,
“ 'Till thy laste yeares decaye;
“ 'Till thy belle shall sounde and thy chaunte goe rounde
“ And thy slowe dirge heavilie playe.”

He then laide downe his sable gowne,

—And his horie lockes and bearde!

And to her eyes withouten guise

Her lover true appear'd.

“ Drie up thy teare, thou ladye faire,

“ I’ve prov’d thy faithe to-daye;

“ Nowe the songe shall sounde and the dance goe rounde,

“ And the musicke merrilie playe.”

“ Our kindrede all within the halle

“ The weddinge feaste arraye;

“ Where the songe shall sounde and the dance goe rounde

“ And the musicke merrilie playe.”

They found them all within the halle

And the weddinge feaste arrayde,

And the songe did sounde, and the dance wente rounde,

And the musicke merrilie playde.

Pen-yr-Voel.

A BALLAD.

UP Pen-yr-Voel in Summer days
We youths and damsels climb;
And listless press, reclin'd at ease,
The freckled mountain thyme.

The bev'rage of the China weed
Sipping so cherrily,
Some sad or simple tale we read,
Or sing right merrily.

'Tis sooth to see the sunny gleam
Where Vyrnwy's waters glide;
And sooth to hear the mournful stream
Of Tanat's murm'ring tide.

But soother far the maiden's eyes,
More bright the drops they hold,
And far more sorrowful her sighs
When some lorn tale is told.

How happy must that minstrel be
That moves the maiden's tear!
The bard obtains his proudest fee
When ladies lend an ear.

But ah! the feeblest of the train,
No magic glass I hold
The web from Fancy's loom to stain,
You bid me now unfold.

But what of that? these mountain flowers
As aptly suit their place,
As those that flaunt on braided bowers,
Or tricky gardens grace.

The maid commands: my lyre, obey,
Tho' poor thy tuneful toil,
To fling a legendary lay
On fameless Pen-yr-Voel.

Whereon, since first yon camp was pil'd,
Full many a blast has blown;
And many a Summer's ev'ning mild
In peaceful beam has shone.

Alike the warrior's blast or beam,
To fall or fade resign'd,
If reckless of the poet's flame,
"Leaves not a rack behind."

Strange misteries fill yon neighb'ring hill,
Bones, caverns, camps, and graves,
And all the antiquarian's skill
To wild conjecture leaves.

But had some bard in days of old
But left one living line,
His page with joy would be unroll'd,
Tho' were it weak as mine.

Yet hoar Tradition loves to tell
This tale of Voel's toil;
How here that hapless warrior fell,
And calls it Pen-yr-Voel.

Voel, a youthful warrior he,
For so the legend goes,
March'd in the British forces free,
To fight their Saxon foes.

“ With courage, guards, your watches keep,
“ The Saxon foe is nigh;
“ Beware the drowsy dew of sleep,
“ For he that sleeps shall die.”

Commands like these from Voel flew
Unto the guards of night,
Who to his tented turf withdrew,
Foreboding on the fight.

“ Ah, soon wilt thou thy love forget,
“ Gwendolen dear,” he cries,
“ For ere to-morrow's sun be set,
“ Perhaps thy Voel dies.

“ But I am arm'd with right of heart,
“ For death I look to find;
“ Yet still with life am loth to part,
“ For thee I leave behind.

“ But should our arms in triumph shine,

“ (Ye Powers grant it so)

“ For ever then is Voel thine,

“ And thou art Voel’s too.

“ But while the battle round me roars,

“ And arms and arrows ring,

“ A thought on her my heart adores

“ Will strength and courage bring.

“ Enough—if hope deserts my heart,

“ This thought my bosom cheers,

“ How she when Voel did depart,

“ Stood gazing thro’ her tears.”

He paus’d—and list’ned to the blast

That blew with beating rain,

In clouds the sky was overcast,

And not a star was seen.

’Twas such a night when shrill and keen

The spitting scud is driven,

And troubled tree-tops, dimly seen,

Just fret the edge of heaven.

When o'er yon rushy marshes damp
A youthful soldier mov'd,
Who sought to join brave Voel's camp,
For Voel was belov'd,

“ Direct me, guard, and O advise.
“ How I may come unto
“ The tented turf where Voel lies,
“ For I'm his soldier true.

“ O'er marsh and mountain far I come
“ Strange tidings here to bring
“ From fair Gwendolen's distant home,
“ Behold her signet ring.

“ But, guard, I deem it is denied
“ For aught to enter here;
“ Do thou, then, while I here abide,
“ This ring to Voel bear.

“ Upon your post I'll firmly stand,
“ And will your office learn;
“ And with your halberd in my hand,
“ I'll wait 'till you return.”

The guard complies; deserts his keep;
And hies to Voel's tent;
But soon the soldier sunk to sleep,
With toil fatigu'd and spent.

No sweet repose brave Voel felt,
Upon his turf reclin'd;
His thoughts upon Gwendolen dwelt,
Gwendolen fill'd his mind.

And oft he pac'd the camp around,
The wakeful guards to view;
The wakeful guards he constant found
Upon their stations true.

Brave Voel then was pleas'd to see
The guards their watches keep;
But passing by the outer way,
He found the guard asleep.

Unguarded when the place he found
That stood in greatest need,
With hasty hand he gave a wound
That made the soldier bleed.

But quick a voice assail'd his ear;

“ What hest does Voel send?

“ But, guard, why strike my bosom here,

“ Hast thou forgot thy friend?

“ But haste, my words to Voel bear,

“ My words can be but few;

“ I would a moment he were here,

“ Or he my tidings knew.

“ Tell him,” the bleeding soldier cried,

“ To join his ranks I thought,

“ And by the valiant Voel's side,

“ Most brave would I have fought.

“ Go bid him here, for death is nigh,

“ His dying friend to view;

“ And say, that he may speedier fly,

“ I lov'd Gwendolen too.”

Then Voel thought the voice he knew,

Aught else the night conceal'd,

“ And who,” he fault'ring cried, “art thou,

“ That ha'st this tale reveal'd?”

The dying soldier fainting lay,
Whom loss of blood o'ercame,
And scarce had breath enough to say
—"Gwendolen is my name!"

Nor tree nor tombstone now exists
To mark their resting spot,
Or there some village moralist
Might well this rhyme have wrote;

Beware, ye maids, tho' fair and chaste,
That leave your proper sphere;
And, youths, that yield to heedless haste,
Tho' valiant and sincere.

Kynaston's Cave

Is high in the West Point of the rock at Nesscliff, and seen over the wood from the great road ; it is much visited by passing strangers, to whom the following Ballad (containing most of the authentic particulars known of him) is told, and given for a small perquisite, by the old woman who inhabits it.

COME sit ye down, fair gentlefolks,
Sit around my sunny cell;
For fresh and gay is the summer's day,
And I'll of wild Humphrey tell.

Oh have ye not heard of the Wild Humphrey,
Surnam'd of Kynaston?
His father was dead, and he in his stead
As governor liv'd alone.

The castle of Middle, then high in pride,
Obey'd young Humphrey's law:
But his state-room now is a stall for the cow,
Where the cottager keeps his straw.

'Twas merry in the hall of the young Humphrey,
And the gay mirth sounded high;
When home to his bed young Humphrey led
Isabelle of Oswestry.

Now she was a maiden of low degree,
He in pow'r and parents great:
Oh had they but thought on their diff'rent lot,
Far better had been their fate.

But William-côch her father fond
Sought a match for his daughter high;
And it pleas'd him well when young Humphrey fell
In love with her coal-black eye.

And, in sooth to tell, it might have been well,
And bliss have bless'd their board,
Had he but thought on his wife's poor lot,
And hearken'd to Prudence' word.

But thoughtless and wild with his gay gallants,
 The Twelve good rules he broke;
 So many a good house by a thoughtless spouse
 Is mari'd by modern folk.—

High breach of trust at length he made,
 And was by the king outlaw'd;
 Then his wild career began to appear,
 And a bold freebooter he rode.

This cavern (then the poor quarriers' cell)
 He biggen'd and took for his own;
 And those hooks then bore an iron door,
 In Severn's town yet shewn.

His name and the date ye see cut on the cave,
 Tho' Time has the traces worn;
 And the gentlefolks here say 'tis the same year
 When Nature's great Poet was born.

He call'd Spirits from hell, as the old folks tell,
 And they say that he dealt with the Devil:
 If so learned he was, it were pity, alas,
 To turn that blessing to evil.

The horse that he rode was a spirit, they say;
That came at his whistle, and turn'd;
But show-horses I've seen that convince me, I ween,
That his horse, and not he, was so learn'd.

To poor Isabelle he bade no farewell,
But bade her go home to her kin:
Now an't it a shame that great gentlefolks
That ought to know better should sin?

His whistle so shrill arous'd from the hill,
The daws in the cliffs that build:
Then 'twas up and away with the dawn of day
To try what the road would yield.

Old Montford bridge the sheriff took down,
And to take him in ambush lay;
But the horse at a reach sprung over the breach,
And to Nesscliff safe bore him away.

The leap was since measur'd on Dovaston-heath,
And bequeath'd was a tester a-year,
While the sun-beams shone, or the rain-drops run,
To keep the great letters clear.

The letters and leap were a spade-graff deep,
 For 'twas tipp'd with an H and a K;
 And (unless I'm bely'd) it was forty-foot wide,
 And the *Horse-leap* 'tis call'd to this day.

Then the Horse-leap butt, where the letters were cut,
 With the heath-ling blossom was red:
 But the sun and the rain now on Dovaston-plain,
 Fill the wheat and the barley's head.

'Twould be breathless to tell of all that befell
 Wild Humphrey so lawless and bold;
 Tho' much there is wrote, and more too, I wot,
 By the marvelling villagers told.

As how from the rich he their purses took
 To fill up the wants of the poor:
 And how victuals and corn he found each morn
 Left close at his cavern door.

How his horse up these steps, now half cut away,
 From the fields at a whistle would come:
 See there was his stall, with a bolt in the wall,
 'Tis now my snug sleeping room.

And I oft ask myself as to Heaven I pray,
When I in that chamber recline,
Tho' grandeur is great with its riches and state,
Is its bed so peaceful as mine?

And I wonder to think on you fine gentlefolks,
(While over my Bible I'm bent)
Of the power possess'd to bless and be bless'd,
Ye are not with all content.

But, alack, I am rambling; I'm foolish and old,
Or needs must have judg'd it uncommon,
That folks who such texts from the parson neglect,
Should attend to a preaching old woman.

Well, as I was a-telling, Wild Humphrey he led
This wayward life many a year;
But he found he grew old, and time as it roll'd
To the end of his stage drew near.

When life starting young is both healthy and strong,
Unbridled it gallops with haste;
But when it no more likes the prospect before,
It turns to look back on the past.

So Humphrey the Wild look'd back on the past,
 But all look'd foggy and foul;
 And as Death drew near, Hope labour'd with Fear
 To glint on his gloomy soul.

All one as the clouds of a winter's eve
 O'er yonder rocks are seen,
 When dimly the gleam of a faint sun-beam
 Endeavours to break between.

Now a woman did dwell at Westfelton's fam'd well,
 That in simples and herbs was skill'd;
 And well she knew for what purpose the dew,
 Their flowers and leafage fill'd.

And 'twas said by her care but more by her pray'r
 The sick and the simple they sped;
 And the old folks tell that now live at the well
 What a goodly life she led.

Now this good woman came to the Wild Humphrey,
 But found when she came there,
 To avert Death's hour was past her pow'r,
 But he hop'd for her help in pray'r.

Oh dim and dull was his dwindling eye,
When thus did the good dame say,
What most should I, thou poor Humphrey,
Unite with thee to pray?

Wild Humphrey then, with faltering word,
For myself I repent to Heaven;
But if in life yet breathes my wife
I would be by her forgiven.

Then as he died the lady cried
At my last hour of life
God pardon me as I do thee—
—Now, she was Humphrey's wife.

Then for his soul she knelt and pray'd,
To reach that happy shore
Where for ever blest the weary rest,
And the wicked sin no more.

So, fair gentlefolks, of the Wild Humphrey
I've told you in hobbling stave,
That I something may earn, and you something may
learn
By visiting this his cave.

One ev'ning a youth, a friend to truth,
For me made this homely strain;
And should it procure but a mite for the poor,
He has not made it in vain.

Llunck-Llys.

A BALLAD.

Llunck-Llys Pool is a small but beautiful lake, of extraordinary depth, on the Welsh Border near Oswestry. The name in the Welsh signifies *SUNK-PALACE*, and the vulgar have a firmly-believed superstition (in which this neighbourhood abounds) corresponding with the catastrophe of this ballad: nay, some even at this day go so far as to affirm, that when the water is clear and the surface smooth, towers and chimneys may be seen in it at a great depth! In the summer months fishing parties of ladies and gentlemen frequently spend the day on it in a boat with music and refreshments: for one of such occasions this ballad was hastily written, when my ingenious friend Mr. T. Yates, (though as little skilled as myself in the Welsh) suggested a more fanciful and perhaps more accurate derivation of the name—*Llyn-glas*, the Blue Lake

The story of the vulgar is here enlarged by a very slight hint taken from Burton's "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," where he treats of *Incubi* and *Succubi*, page 405. fol. edit. Oxford. 1628.

Lunck-Lys.

A BALLAD.

CLERK WILLIN he sat at king Alaric's board,
And a cunning clerk was he,
For he'd liv'd in the land of Oxenford
With the sons of gramarie.

And they listen'd to the harps of the merry minstrels,
And they look'd on the banquet bright;
But of all that was there the young queen so fair
Shone brightest of all that night.

High glitter'd the crown on her graceful brow,
'Twas with beryl and sapphire pearl'd;
And roses enwreath'd the rim beneath,
Where the raven ringlets curl'd.

And they quaff'd the red tide to the blooming bride,
And their goblets heav'd on high;
But clerk Willin took up no brimming cup,
Nor join'd in the jovial cry.

“ Now Christ thee save, thou clerk Willin,
“ Why sits't thou sad and low?
“ And why do'st thou pry with attentive eye
“ So long on the west window?”

“ I am watching the star that shines afar
“ O'er the rocks of the Giant's grave,
“ That sinking soon with the sharp-horn'd moon,
“ Will set in the western wave.”

Then oh paler than the pale primrose
Wax'd the cheeks of the fair ladye,
And, as she withdrew, on the clerk she threw
A glance of her anger'd eye.

“ Now Christ thee save, thou king Alaric,
“ Why gloomly bends thy brow?
“ And why athwart thy heavy eyelids
“ Hangs silent sorrow now?”

“ Oh sad and dark, thou learned clerk,

“ Is my life, with sorrow riven;

“ And thus am I doom'd with grief to be gloom'd

“ One night in every seven.

“ Then what though my splendid banquet board

“ With golden beakers shines,

“ And friends fill up each costly cup

“ With the mead and the racy wines!

“ One night in each week does my blooming bride

“ In grief from my palace go;

“ But what she does, or where she goes,

“ I dare not seek to know.

“ One night in seven she leaves my bed,

“ When the owls and the crickets cry;

“ And cold as a stone then I lie all alone,

“ 'Till the day-star burns in the sky.

“ Then a thick slumber falls on my heavy eye-balls;

“ And I start from a feverish sleep,

“ And my blooming bride I find at my side,

“ When the red sun 'gins to peep.

- “ And tho’ she has been all the night abroad
“ In a thin loose night-robe dress’d,
“ Oh strange to be told, she is nothing cold,
“ But glows with a warmth encreas’d.
- “ Nine summers nigh are now gone by,
“ And I thought it a blessed day
“ When my aged bride I put aside,
“ And took this lady gay.
- “ As a hunting I rode in the green forest
“ Fair Blodwell’s rocks among,
“ By my side each day rode this lady gay,
“ And sweetly thus she sung—
- ‘ Oh, take me to thy fair palace,
‘ Oh, take me for thy queen,
‘ And racy wines shall then be thine,
‘ As never a man has seen.
- ‘ And never shall fail thy rich banquet,
‘ And my beauty no change shall know,
‘ Till within thy hall the flag-reeds tall,
‘ And the long green rushes grow.

‘ ‘Till instead of the cloth now spread on thy board,
‘ And the goblets lin’d with gold,
‘ The lillies of the pool spread their broad leaves cool,
‘ And their chalice’d flow’rs unfold.

‘ But ere I become thy wedded wife,
‘ Thou a solemn oath must make,
‘ And let hap whate’er thou must not dare
‘ That solemn oath to break :

‘ That to leave thy bed unfollowed
‘ To me ’tis freely given,
‘ And that none shall enquire where I retire,
‘ One night in every seven.’

“ Then I vow’d I would put my old wife away,
“ As firm to the oath I swore ;
“ But mayhap she had hent of my cruel intent,
“ For I never beheld her more.

“ Yet no peace I find in the rich banquet,
“ And with peace is my bed unblest,
“ Tho’ lies at my side no wrinkled bride,
“ But the maid of the green forest.”

Then clerk Willin he cried to the troubled king,

“ Thy peace can I repair,

“ If each year from yon field ten beeves thou’lt yield

“ To the monks of the White-Minster.*

“ And peace shall preside in this fair palace,

“ And thy bed with peace be blest,

“ If to me thou’lt resign, with her racy wine,

“ The maid of the green forest.

“ For I can by a spell, that I dare not tell,

“ Relieve thy fetter’d fate;

“ And I shew’d the young queen my power, I ween,

“ By a sign that I dare not repeat.”

Then the king he complied to resign his bride,

And each year on the monks bestow

The tenth of what fed in his palace green mead,

And of what in his vaults did flow.

* Blanchminster, afterwards Maserfield, now Oswestry.

Then clerk Willin he took his clasped book;
 And did the fair palace leave;
 And arrived soon, ere set the moon,
 On the rocks of the Giant's grave.

By the mouth of a cavern a bowshot beyond
 Clerk Willin he took his stand;
 Which ev'n at this day, as the villagers say,
 Leads down to the Fairy-land.

Tho' none now dare to adventure so far,
 Yet many this day have aver'd
 They its windings did thread 'till over their head,
 The far Vyrnwy's stream they have heard.

Now soon did appear and enter there
 A maid right royally drest,
 Whose glittering crown in the moon-beam shone,
 —'Twas the maid of the green forest.

And while she was in did the clerk begin
 His spells of potent skill;
 While the rising blast sigh'd low as it pass'd
 Thro' the stunted bush on the hill.

Then he made that revokeless should be his word,

As thus to his spirits he said,

“ Let peace be restor’d to king Alaric’s board,

“ And peace be on his bed.

“ And may I and the monks of the White-Minster

“ No other fare e’er know,

“ Than what shall be fed in his palace green mead,

“ And what from his vaults shall flow.

“ And his queen so fine be for ever mine,

“ And no change let her form betide,

“ But thro’ all her years be as now it appears,

“ And ne’er let her leave my side.

“ At the cross near the town of the White-Minster,

“ To make her my own I swear,

“ There let her be borne ere glimpse of morn,

“ And I’ll meet her and wed her there.”

And then as he swore, his book he tore,

And hasten’d away from the cave.

It was dark; for the moon it had long gone down,

And set in the western wave,

It was dark as he pass'd the palace so fair,
Nor aught did his sight engross
'Till he came to the cross near the White-Minster
Yet call'd clerk Willin's cross.

Then he saw by the light of the torches bright
That strange Spirits there did hold,
An old Ogress grim that smil'd on him,
And her rheumy eye balls roll'd.

On her wrinkled chin stood the grey hairs thin,
And she close did her skin lips squeeze,
And thick on her brow did the grey hairs grow,
Like the moss of old orchard-trees.

And she reach'd to the clerk her bony finger,
On which was brightly seen,
And well was it known by its sparkling stone,
The ring of king Alaric's queen.

" Oh take me to thy cloister'd bed,
" To be thy bosom guest,
" For I am the wife thou art sworn to wed,
" The maid of the green forest.

“ An ugly Ogress now am I,

“ Though thrice ten years ago,

“ In youthful pride the blooming bride

“ Of king Alaric I shone.

“ But I found as I my beauties lost,

“ I lost his love as well,

“ 'Till nine years since I charm'd that prince

“ With this a Spirit's spell:

“ That his eyes should delight in my beauty bright,

“ Which never should lose it's hue,

“ 'Till within his hall the flag-reeds tall,

“ And the long green rushes grew

“ And this spell was given if one night in seven

“ Ere the pale moon set in the wave,

“ I alone did go to the grim Ogo,

“ And an Ogress form receive.

“ This night I sat late at the gay banquet,

“ And just ere my task was done,

“ Thy spells were said, and the pale moon's head

“ Was down to the west wave gone.

“ Our power is pass’d, our spells have clash’d,

“ No charm can our fate redress;

“ And a penitent now for life art thou,

“ And I a grim Ogress.

“ Thy spells were sure, for now peace secure

“ Doth bless king Alaric’s bed,

“ And peace is restor’d at his banquet board,

“—But it is the peace of the dead.

“ For down went the king, and his palace, and all,

“ And the waters now o’er it flow,

“ And already in his hall do the flag-reeds tall,

“ And the long green rushes grow.

“ Then take thy bride to thy cloister’d bed,

“ As by oath and by spell decreed,

“ And nought be thy fare but the pike and the dare,

“ And the water in which they feed.”

Still the villagers near, when the lake is clear,

Shew the tow’rs of the palace below,

And of *Croes-Willin* there will the traveller hear,

And the cave call’d the grim *Ogo*.

And oft from our boat on a Summer's eve

Sweet music is heard to flow,

As we push from the side of the Blue-Lake's tide,

Where the long green rushes grow.

And our banquet is spread on the boat's flat head,

And our cool wine drawn from the hold,

Where the lillies of the pool spread their broad

leaves cool,

And their chalic'd flowers unfold.

And we make good fare of the pike and the dare,

And merrily laugh at the jest,

How clerk Willin was caught in his own dark plot,

With the maid of the green forest.

And quaffing the glass we pray that each lass

May each constant lover bless;

And may guests that would cheat a kind host of

his mate.

Be match'd with a grim Ogress.

Rhymes.

PART II.

Incidental.

I am nae POET, in a sense,
But just a *rhym*er, like, by chance.

BURNS.

Irregular Ode

TO

Shakspeare's Birthday.

Written and recited on occasion of a few literary friends planting a Walnut-tree (having a wine-bottle buried under the root, with an appropriate inscription cut thereon, with a diamond) in the author's ground, on that day in 1810, and intending to celebrate it annually.

Ode

TO

Shakspeare's Birthday.

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN CLAVERING WOOD, ESQ.

NATURE, now thy beauties bring,

Bid Genius now it's tribute pay;

Haste the many-blossom'd spring,

'Tis thy Darling's natal day:

Borne on Zephyr's breezy wings

Her varied vesture Fancy flings;

Methinks I see her rainbow-colour'd car

Gliding on curl'd clouds thro' blue fields of air.

To Avon's meadows cowslip-clad

She wheels her mazy way;

Well pleas'd to see all nature glad,

And Spring her flaunting flow'rets add,

To hail the greatly-gifted lad

Upon his natal day.

In showery April's sunshine bright,
 (Who call'd that day
 Her sister May
To hasten with her hawthorns white)
 In Avon's mead
 The lad was laid
When first he saw the light;
Primroses peeping from their buds of gold
Seem'd eagerly their eye-lids to unfold,
 As though they smil'd
 To see the child
Who in his turn their charms enraptur'd should behold.
The lingering flow'rs push'd forth their heads
And burst their downy-cradled beds;
The ladysmock with silver-tipp'd,
The opening daisy crimson-lipp'd,
And all with April's dew impearl'd,
Their finely-tinted folds unfurl'd,
As tho' they wish'd by him to have their praises told.

Hush'd is the breeze, 'tis silence drear,
 The sun enclouds his watery beams;
The skies a thickening aspect wear,
 And Nature's self in sadness seems;

A chilly fearful murmur stirs
 The hollow-hissing grove of firs,
 And far the dark horizon o'er
 The dim-distinguish'd thunders roar.

'Tis Fancy hangs o'er Nature's brow

This gloom so sad and wild,

Lest scenes to be unfolded now

Should fright her fav'rite child;

For now athwart the troubled sky

The HELLISH Passions hurry by;

And each with hasty louring flight,

Glaring by fits before his sight,

Like phantoms of a horrid night

Their grisly features roll;

But Nature fir'd her infants' eye,

That, glancing as they glided by,

Prov'd all their various pow'rs to lie

Beneath his vast controul.

He bow'd his head,

The phantoms fled,

The gloom forsook the plain;

The fearless child

Look'd round and smil'd,

And Nature, brightening, seem'd to smile again.

Fresh'd is the flow'ry scene,
 The blackbird swells his mellow throat;
 And thro' the blue serene
 Light fleecy clouds beyond the mountains float:
 On Avon's softly-flowing stream
 Now brightly-burnish'd, sunbeams gleam
 Among tide-kissing trees;
 Their lustres on the wet leaves glance
 As they lightly-trembling dance
 To the balmy breeze.

The HEAVENLY Passions now descend
 To hail this gentle child their friend;
 Virgin-vested maidens fair
 Whose slender waists some ribband rare
 Engirdled, by whose varied hue
 The little bard each Passion knew:
 Their cover'd bosoms' lovely glow
 Ting'd their gauzy robes of snow
 As if carnations blush'd below.

Fairies left their lurking-cells
 "Where the bee sucks" in blossom bells,
 Whom the blue-fly and humble bee
 Carol'd with their minstrelsey.

The heart-enraptur'd poet saw
 The Passions all with fearless awe,
 And look'd with steady view ;

Until the flighty foot of Fame
 On tiptoe step among them came,
 And to the poet flew :

The little urchin ran around,
 And flung his flow'rets o'er the ground,
 While Fame still follow'd hard ;
 Each scatter'd flow'r she cull'd with care
 To wreathe a chaplet for his hair,
 But could not catch the bard.

Being cheated, as away she flew
 She cried,—" in fifty years and two

Upon this very morn
 He shall be mine, for ever sure
 While Time, and Taste, and I endure,
 My Temple to adorn :

Let Nature now the prince of Passions call
 To crown him ruler of them all."

The waggish archer then attended,
 The maids and fairies form'd a ring,
 While each the infant bard befriended,
 And of the Passions crown'd him king.

Now the taper-ankled maids

Lightly dance the bard around;

Modest cowslips bow'd their heads,

And seem'd to kiss the hallow'd ground:

And as they danc'd

He on them glanc'd,

And at them scatter'd flow'rets fair;

Each Passion took

The flow'rs he shook,

And stuck them in her braided hair;

Conscious how much beauty hung

On ev'ry little flow'r He flung.

Ev'n yet on Stratford's clmy lawn

In cowslip-days at early dawn

Where he was crown'd, I ween,

Unnibbled, and of deeper dye,

By soul-delighted poet's eye,

The ring may still be seen.

Dirge

FOR THE SAME OCCASION, 23d. APRIL, 1811.

“ Sweets to the sweet :—farewell.”

HAMLET.

HIS fate fulfill'd, his duty done,
Nature now calls her favour'd son,
And smiles with proud tho' sweet defiance,
Pleas'd to the world that she has shewn
How He, ordain'd by her alone,
Out-magic'd all the spells of Science.

Tutor'd by Nature, not the Nine,
More than the Muses pow'rs combine
Triumphantly o'er death to raise him;
Isis, with Attic-laurel'd brow,
Bends to the Bard of Avon now,
And all her sons are proud to praise him.

Ye Spirits, bend around his bier,
Ye Fays, in filmy palls appear,
Cold is the hand that once attir'd you;
There chaunt, ye flies of burnish'd blue,
And, cowslips, drop your teary dew,
Clos'd are the eyes that once admir'd you.

Enshrowded in that curtain now
He archly drew from Nature's brow
When first enraptur'd he survey'd her;
But, ere he left her fost'ring arms,
Fresh he enrob'd her doubled charms,
And to the astonish'd world display'd her.

O Time, I ask thee not to spare
My rhymes, unworthy of thy care,
Yet for this day, O let me strow them
Like wild-flow'rs on a village grave
That fondness flings (but cannot save)
For love of him that lies below them.

But HE, the bright star we hail to-day,

O Time, shall never own thy sway,

But plume thy wing with angel-feather;

His light shall lustre on thy glass

Gilding the sand-grains as they pass,

And both—oh both shall fall together.

TO

Thomas Spring.

(SCOTTISH DIALECT.)

I'VE sent thee, *Tam*, a wee-bit present,

An' tho' it binna cock or pheasant

I trust it wonna prove unpleasant,

Tho' fain I'd mend it;

But, that thou may'st na think the less on't,

Thy *frien'* doth send it.

Gin I were but a guid hale laird,

An' could or wealth or pow'r afford,

Ev'n tho' by swirlie Fortune gor'd,

Thou should'st na stumble:

But sin' nae wealth on me is pour'd,

I maunna grumble.

Jem wishes a' mankind like you,
But, 'faith, I maunna wish sae too,
'Twould ruin a' the cantie crew
O' my profession ;
Poor lawyers would hae nought to do
At 'ssize or Session.

I love the life that fools despise,
The breezy brae, where lav'rocks rise,
Aneath the shade to close my eyes,
Content and nappy ;
An' tho' I biinna unco wise,
I'm unco happy.

Fou' fa' the fool that did create
The fikie fashions o' the great,
Their limber-lingo'd primsie prate,
An' a' the rest on't :
Ae wee-bit welcome tete a tete
's aboon the best on't.

I'll tell thee what, my honest *Tam*,
The faithless warl my ears may cram
Wi' honied words, an' friendly flam,
 —False a' thegither!
But, lad, I dinna care a damn
 For a' their blether.

A set o' proud conceited fools,
That turn an' stand, like glowr'ing mules,
An' worship God by stated rules,
 An' never mind him:
'mang a' their logic, books, an' schools,
 They canna find him.

Gae, fools, an' lay your logic by,
Gae, fools, an' leave the wrangling stye,
An' look for God wi' *Tam* an' I
 Thro' Nature clear;
We peep into a cowslip's eye
 An' ken him there.

My learned brothers, whose deceit
Tangles what God himsel' makes straight,
Tho' wi' fou' words o' logic's heat

I seldom strike ye,

Indeed, for a' your robes o' state,

I dinna like ye.

Come, *Tam*, and taste my muslin kale,

I'll stoup for thee the laughin ale,

An' gar thee smile wi' mony a tale

I'th' lum thigither;

An' gin to please ane sang should fail,

I'll try anither.

Wi' music then we'll cheer oursel',

Nor rob the rich o' scandal fell,

Hypocrisy we'll send to Hell,

For thence her trade is;

Tho' aft on Earth she deigns to dwell

Wi' lairds and ladies.

But, honest *Tam*, could I but see
My ither friends as firm as thee,
An' ken their hearts wi' tentie ee,
A' blithe an' bonnie,
The king himsel' might wish to be
Thy poor friend

JOHNNIE.

Anselmo Robinson Gilchrist, Esq, B. A.

DIED AT CAMBRIDGE, 24th MAY, 1803,

IN HIS 28th YEAR.

“ nam me discedere flevit,

“ Et, longum, *dilecte*, vale, vale, inquit, Iola.”

VIRGIL.

MOURN, Friendship, mourn Anselmo dead,

Who most rever'd thy sacred name ;

And, Sympathy, thy pity shed,

And, Music, waft the woeful theme :

Ye purest Passions, him deplore,

—Your faithful vot'ry is no more.

Who now with us adown the dale
At eve serene our walk shall cheer?
Who read the poet's tender tale,
And drop the sympathetic tear?
Ah social joys! for ever fled,
Since he, the best of friends, is dead.

Still may the voice of music sound,
The social ev'nings still return;
Still may the friendly glass go round,
And bright the blazing fire may burn.
But little now these sweets bested,
For he that made them sweet—is dead.

Now oft I leave the crowd behind
To wander where he once has been;
And call each incident to mind
That happy oft with him I've seen:
Sad Memory! ah why so just
When those we lov'd are laid in dust!

Come mourn with me, 'Companions, come,

We'll sing the dirge he us'd to sing,

To poor Anselmo's "grassy tomb"

Each youth a tender tear shall bring;

And Friendship shall his loss bemoan,

For he, the best of friends, is gone:

And Love—but hold—no more I'll sing,

No more I'll add to Sorrow's smart;

I fear I've touch'd a tender string

That thrills a mourning maiden's heart:

Sweet maid, like him, to Heav'n resign,

And he and Heav'n shall then be thine.

Had we, dear youth, thy poet's pow'rs,

For thee we'd lift the lofty line;

No praises then should equal ours,

For no deserts e'er equal'd thine:

May all like thee alike be bless'd,

To live belov'd and die caress'd.

But come, the poet's task forbear,

Affliction makes our efforts faint;

Let's imitate his virtues fair,

And practice what we cannot paint;

Let's tread the noble path he trod—

—It leads to happiness and God.

THE

King.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

THOU hast sent me a circle of gold

Undeck'd with the diamond's shine;

But a lovelier sight I behold—

—Thy initial united with mine!

And e'er to the "eye of my mind"

Thy picture it seems to unfold,

For when beauty and goodness are join'd

They seem as—a circle of gold.

Let the life of profusion and pride

To shine like a jewel be seen;

'Twill be found like a jewel beside—

—As cold and as callous within.

But the beauties of wisdom and worth

Are in modest apparel enroll'd;

Yet when Tenderness summons them forth

They shine——like a circle of gold.

May the hop'd day of happiness haste

When our joys like the circle shall be,

When the future shall vie with the past,

And thou take a circle from me:

Content in our cot shall be found,

Our life Love and Friendship enfold,

And each year, as it dances around,

Shall to us be——a circle of gold.

THE
Brooch.

TO THE SAME.

EACH youth before he leaves his friends
The battle's bray to prove,
Some tributary token sends
Of friendship or of love.

A brooch the *faulchion's* form that bears
The love-sick soldier leaves;
The sailor's lass an *anchor* wears,
While he the battle braves.

But I no martial symbol send
To wake the woeful sigh :
The gifts of Love should never lend
A pang to Memory.

Then on thy beauteous bosom bear
This little *lyre* from me;
And let no sad suggestions tear
That seat of harmony.

For I, where'er I chance to roam,
Shall ever fearless fight;
The thought that thou art safe at home
Puts ev'ry fear to flight.

Let Memory from this lyre I send
A cheering flame derive;
And Hope (the lover's constant friend)
Preserve that flame alive.

Yet grieve not should I fall, my love,
Nor feel a moment's pain,
For, trust me, there's a hand above
Shall string my lyre again.

Pastoral Epistle.

My dearest Ella, sweetest maid,
To me the sweetest far,
In poor and humble verse array'd,
Receive thy Corin's pray'r.

Ah leave, ah leave that busy scene
Where cares and cankers dwell;
A noble mind can ne'er disdain
To view a village cell.

'Mid flow'ry vales with herbage green,
And hills with verdure crown'd,
My little lovely cot is seen,
By woods encircled round.

My cot is "elegantly neat,"
Nor pomp nor poverty;
But peace and happiness await,
Reserv'd for Love and thee.

Then leave, ah leave the guilty town,
And still more guilty crew;
And come and wear the rustic gown,
And hat of harvest hue.

Let wealthy lords in grandeur great
In robes and rubies shine;
In simple humble habit neat
Be love and Ella mine.

I'd rather live in humble state,
And call that state my own,
Than be dependant on the great,
And subject to their frown.

Then come, my love, with Corin live
In sweets that never cloy:
What would a mighty monarch give
To join the rural joy!

Each morn when on the blushing sky
The sun begins to peer,
The lark, that quiv'ring carols high,
Shall break upon thine ear.

Together then we'll stray along
Thro' brakes of woodbine sweet,
Where many a bird with many a song
Thee and the morning greet.

I'll lead thee thro' a flowery vale,
Where purple violets grow;
And tell thee many a pleasing tale,
And many a landscape shew.

With rustic reed I'll pipe a strain,
And strive to please thee well;
For I'm allow'd by ev'ry swain
In piping to excel.

At noon, when glist'ning gos'mers lie,
And sultry gleams invade,
We'll hear the busy bustling fly
That hums beneath the shade.

At eve we'll court the bosky bourne,
 Where cooling breezes breathe,
 And see the shepherd's lad return
 Shrill whist'ling o'er the heath.

At night (when lore of legends tire)
 The minstrel's task be mine;
 My skill to touch the trembling wire
 Shall vie with all—but thine.

Thus morning, ev'ning, noon, and night,
 Shall please alike the mind;
 For they that study Nature right
 Will endless pleasure find.

The mightiest work Creation shews
 Is dull to Folly's sight:
 But he that God and Nature knows
 Finds wonders in a mite.

Then hither, dearest love, repair.
 Nor Corin's vote decline,
 For night and morn still is his pray'r—
 —Be love and Ella mine.

What if my humble village bed
No costly silk affords;
Far sweeter rest awaits my head
Than many a mighty lord's.

Believe me, love, I'd rather hold
An humble honest heart,
Than strut in gems and guilty gold
To act a faithless part.

I've walk'd each gay assembly round,
In courtly vesture drest;
But rural life I've ever found
The sweetest and the best.

In outward grace and manners rude,
No boasted charms are mine;
But trust me, love, my heart is good,
Because that heart is thine.

Beneath the walnut's shabby shell
A luscious kernel lies;
But mark what pois'nous juices swell
The poppy's painted dyes!

Then let this truth thy bosom fill,
With which I now conclude;—
That—all that's ugly is not ill,
Nor all that's gaudy good.

And still the wood ye roam?
 And still the wood ye roam?
 And still the wood ye roam?
 And still the wood ye roam?

THE

Bee.

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK OF THEOCRITUS.

Τὸν κλεπτὰν ποτ' ἐρωτα &c. Idyl. 19.

CLARA, beautiful and young,
 Straying once the woods among,
 By a little bee was stung.
 She cried, and danc'd, and beat the ground,
 And press'd and suck'd the smarting wound.
 The nymph at length her lover spies,
 And, sobbing, thus in anguish cries:—

“ Is it not strange that little bees
 “ Should make such mighty wounds as these!”

The lover smil'd with downcast eyes,
 And, sweetly whisp'ring, thus replies:—

“ Thou, my love, art like the bee,
“ Sweets and stings unite in thee;
“ Thou art small, but well I know
“ Thy wounds, sweet nymph, are seldom so.”

THE
Barometer :

OR

FAIR AND CHANGEABLE.

'Tis hard, (the fair Amelia cried)
The weather ne'er will please us;
I fear to-day we cannot ride
To *Hagley* or *The Leasowes*:

I look'd at the Barometer,
And sorry am to say
That, tho' 'twas yesterday at *fair*,
'Tis *changeable* to-day.

Ne'er mind it, love, (I then replied)
Nor grieve at what is common,
Alike is all that's *fair* beside,
Nay—not exempting woman.

Then wonder not, nor think it rare,
 (I've found it to my sorrow)
 That what to-day has promis'd *fair*,
 Has *changed* before to-morrow.

Ah me!—(yet surely such things are
 Not only as to weather)
 —'Tis pity *changeable* and *fair*
 Are plac'd so near together!

You men (she cried) e'er do us wrong,
 Yet think not now to cheat me,
 For trust me' friend, while I've a tongue
 No Barrister shall beat me.

Then calling all her conq'rours forth,
 As little nymphs know how,
 And looking such an angry oath,
 Exclaim'd—I have you now;

While men, as women's atmosphere,
 Are fickle as a feather,
 Sure we, as their Barometer,
 May vary with the weather.

But ah! would'st *thou* but cease to range,
And take *me* to thy care,
My heart from thee should never *change*,
But prove for ever *fair*.

She smil'd—and look'd for my reply,
—She knew I car'd for no man:
Alack! how hard it is (thought I)
To argue with a woman!

TO THOMAS YATES,

WITH A

Shakspeare,

IN ONE VOLUME.

THE farther, Yates, from thee I go,
My friendship warms with stronger glow;
Like that lone star that ev'ning graces
Shines brighter as the dark encreases.

As late I join'd the busy press
Of London's weedy wilderness,
I ponder'd doubting what to send
By way of trifle to my friend;
Not to repay him half his due,
For that—a trifle cannot do;

But just to give a friendly item
 That, if I could, I would requite him.
 The fittest present I could find
 Was Shakspeare—mirror for the mind.
 Then take this mental mirror true,
 'Tis what *you* need not blush to view.

Within this little compass lies
 All that's happy, good, and wise,
 Where souls, attun'd to feeling, borrow
 Smiles of Mirth, and tears of Sorrow.
 Here thou may'st thy fancy fit
 With tearful tales, or waggish wit;
 Or mark in his exalted lay
 How earthly grandeur melts away.

Mighty master of the heart,
 What wonders does thy page impart!
 Persuades the breast, instructs the mind,
 At once to know and love mankind;

Thy strains, of noble souls the food,
Can make us happy, wise, and good;
For lessons in thy numbers lie
How to live, and how to die.

My Boxen Bower.

I love my little boxen bower
Fringed with April's early flower;
On it's leaves of glossy green
The climbing sunbeams shed their sheen;
Cool it's shade, it's shelter warm,
In summer's heat, or winter's storm;
The social and the lonely hour
Endear my little boxen bow'r.

Within my little boxen bow'r
With friends I fill the social hour;
Or, wanting them, the feats unfold
That bards of Greece and Rome have told;
Or prove no meaner magic reigns
In Britain's more endearing strains:

Contentment sheds her sunny shower
Around my little boxen bower.

Should I leave my boxen bower
Panting up the paths of Power,
Puff'd with empty pomp of Pride,
Blind Ambition for my guide,
Ev'n in Splendour's gaudy glare,
Cushion'd on the couch of Care,
Might I not bewail the hour
I left my little boxen bow'r?

THE
Blackcap.

WOODLAND warbler, clear and strong,
I joy to hear thy early song,
Descending large thy little throat
To swell thy loud melodious note;
Leaving, O desultory guest,
On some low briar thy flimsy nest,
To carol the green woods among,
In happy extacy of song ;
How is it that I never see
The poet's praise bestow'd on thee?

O emblem thou of poet true!
He ought to give thee honour due,
Because, like him, in forest green
Retir'd, thou lov'st to sing unseen;

By nature delicate and shy,
Avoiding Folly's vacant eye:
And there thy note, neglected bird,
Is lost, unnotic'd or unheard,
Though the pert finch of golden plume
May twitter in each lady's room;
Thy body brown, and pole so black,
Grace both in form and feathers lack;
Like his, thy song's unheeded past,
When O! that song is—all thou hast.

TO

Thomas Bates.

You told me, Tom, in sportive spite,
Tho' of the world I speak and write

I do but little know it:

And when for my advice you sue'd,
Altho' I gave the best I could,

You sneer'd, and call'd me—Poet!

Then since, my friend, you hold so light
Both what I think, and what I write,

From me no more you scan shall;

I'll drop my reason and my rhyme,
And try to make my friendship chime

With something more substantial.

But ere my Pegasus I quit,
 This last offence you must permit,
 Tho' muddy rhymes I spatter;
 And tho' I give advice and verse,
 Believe me, neither I rehearse
 To *spite* you or to *flatter*.

The wide world educated you,
 And plac'd before you what men *do*;
 Thence shines your real knowledge:
 But mine is mere reflected light,
 Obtain'd by reading what men *write*,
 And that within a College.

Then by that sense you ever shew,
 (Sense, to your arrow'd wit the bow)
 You ought to be apprized
 That tapers howsoever small
 Giving of light their little all
 Should not be quite despised.

The Poets too (and oh! for shame!

My humble with their honour'd name:

Your wicked wit combines)

They're not the only folks by far:

Who teach to plow and sow the air;

And bore the sea for mines.

Of Theory the beaten road

By you, and me, and all is trod;

Nor ruts nor hillocks dreading;

But Practice-path, tho' plainly seen,

Like garden-walks all smooth and green,

Is little mark'd by treading.

Oh! may I——take advice myself!

May worms eat Shakspeare on my shelf!

If e'er again I offer

To give you verses or advice,

But pay my little sacrifice

From more substantial coffer.

There's many a friend, whose tender part
Thus wounded with a wit-shot dart,

Would turn their backs upon ye;
But trust me, Tom, such friends as those
More dang'rous are than honest foes,
And no such friend is

JOHNNY.

Melancholie.

Inscribed in Old English characters, on a root-seat at

NURSERY, WESTFELTON.

O come not to these peacefull bowres
Chagrin'd at humane follie;
Nor censure here my harmlesse houres.
Of blisefulle melancholie.

For if ye spurne the ioyes serene
From solitude accruing,
Mixe with the busie world againe,
Or wealthe or fame pursuing.

But quarrelle not with humane kinde
For little faultes offending;
Better to beare with what ye finde,
Than marre it in the mending.

Soc shall ye walke eche crowded court
And smile at humane follie;
Or pleas'd, like mee, to bowres resorte,
And feaste on melancholie.

INSCRIBED IN A

Cell,

Discovered in the Town-walls of Shrewsbury,

IN THE GARDEN OF MR. PARKES.

O teche mee to foregoe this worldis care,
The vauntinge vanities of humane-kinde;
Yet teche mee to forgive eche errour there,
That mine elsewhere may like forgivenessse finde.

This mossie cell, for toile and tumult mayde,
When hostile arms oppos'd Salopia's towres,
Is nowe to mee the sweete and sacred shade
Of peacefuller thoughtes in solitarie houres.

May thus my hearte, disturb'd by manie a storme,
Eche foe to Love-of-humane-kinde repelle;
Soe shall Contente life's latest ev'ning warme,
Like settinge sun-beams warme this westernne celle.

And may I, when life lingers in the weste,
Looke backe serenelie on this sun-gilt shore;
Then stretche my saile to where the wearie reste,
Where toile and tumult vexe the minde no more.

Shenstone's Yew,

Brought a seedling from the Leasowes, August, 1806.

YOUNG offspring of an aged tree

That erst o'er Shentone rear'd it's head,

That wav'd in wild luxuriance free,

And deck'd it's boughs with berries red,

O grace my little grove retir'd,

As he of Friendship grac'd the sphere ;

So shalt thou be of Taste admir'd,

So shalt thou stand to Mem'ry dear.

Hcreafter 'neath thy sable shade

To him the votive urn I'll raise ;

Nor shall trim Folly's ruthless blade

E'er dare to clip thy graceful sprays.

And here shall bards unborn recline

To pay to him the tribute due ;

And genius shall be proud to shine

Beneath the shade of Shenstone's yew.

But, yew-tree, if at eve or dawn

Hither some nymph should haply turn,
And wail of Love to Heav'n withdrawn,

Or for unvalued Friendship mourn;

Bid her to yonder cot repair

Where willows weep and flow'rets twine;
With mine her tale of woe compare,
And mix her melting tears with mine.

There music soft to Shenstone's strain

Shall join for us her soothing pow'rs;
Nor shall his woes be sung in vain

If they but steal a pang from ours.

Departed bard!——A friendly part

Has he in plaintive numbers shewn,—
—To ease another's aching heart

He sung the sorrows of his own.

Song.

(*Scotch Air.—Pinkey hoose.*)

NEAR Pinkey hoose aboon the brae

'Mang birks and osiers slender,

In hawthorn-days I love to stray,

And pipe my wild notes tender;

But little boots the gowan'd plain

Unless my lassie's near me;

And sadly flows my sweetest strain

Unless she's there to hear me.

O Nature, keep thy nectar'd cup

Gin I *alane* maun take it,

For sweeter far's a cozie drop

When those we love partake it.

Then, lassie, seek yon hawthorns gay,

And hear my wild notes tender,

Near Pinkey hoose aboon the brae,

'Mang birks and osiers slender.

Song.

(Air.—Peggy Bawn.)

WHY should I sigh? The maid I love
Declares she loves me true;
In constancy she peers the dove,
And oh! in beauty too:
On me her eyes enamour'd roll,
Her lips in dimples play;
Yet sad am I, and sick at soul,
For oh,——she's far away.

Why should I sigh? The maiden mine
Nor scornful is, nor coy;
Each morrow brings her loving line
To make my bosom joy;
The maiden mine, she loves me well,
And bids my heart be gay;
Yet sighs my pensive bosom swell,
Because——she's far away.

Why should I sigh? Sweet Spring is here,
And blithe each bird and flow'r
And pleas'd I sit, my soul to cheer,
Within her fav'rite bow'r;
Her lyre I take, and fain rehearse
The song she lov'd to play;
But still the burden of each verse
Is, oh——she's far away.

THE
Mistletoe.

THOU yellow bunch with berries white,
By juice of neighbour nourish'd,
'Tis said in Druid's holy rite
Thy brittle branches flourish'd,
Found on the mossy arms of oak
With golden blade they cut thee;
And, as the mystic words they spoke,
On sacred pile they put thee.

But Druid rites are over now,
Yet never be thou missing;
I'll sacred hold thy hallow'd bough,
Because it sanction's kissing:
Thy branches o'er my couch I'll twine,
And round my brows I'll wreathe them,
And rites, than Druid's more divine,
I'll celebrate beneath them.

Ah! what's the luscious lip to me,
Tho' dew's of nectar tip it?
Unless I'm privilege'd by thee,
Alas! I dare not sip it.
Then while the Gorse, with golden blow,
Shall kissing keep in fashion,
Be thou at hand, O Missletoe,
And help the harmless passion.

But so it haps, if one is near,
The other's out of season;
Or if the other should be there,
To touch it would be treason.
Ye pretty plants! admir'd of me;
Oh, by ye both I swear it,
Whene'er the one of ye I see,
I wish the other near it!

Monody.

OSWESTRY SCHOOL.

ALONE I love to haunt, fair Oswestry,
The woods and hills that bosom thee around,
Sprinkling my lyre of guideless minstrelsey
With notes that, like thy rills, unheeded sound,
Trickling at times all wild along,
Lush herbs and mossy stones among.
Then smoothly gliding o'er the meadow ground,
'Till in some roaring torrent toss'd,
Their little melody is lost;
Or borne to some deep river's muddy shore,
Is heard no more.

Yet can I not restrain the lay,
For ah, this lonely scene
Minds me of many a distant day,
And many a time between,

Since here I first at early age
Began to con the column'd page.
A little waddling trowser'd lad
I came, and tedious toil'd
O'er leaves in yellow canvass clad,
Leaves corner-curl'd and soil'd:
And hid the bitten apple, half-afraid,
Flush'd at the noise the munching made.

I say I love to stray alone,
For school-companions all are gone;
Far countries some to see;
In Fortune's dome some refuge find;
Wealth's dusty ways while others wind;
And some in Fame's bright noon reclin'd,
Care little now for me.
And how to strangers can I tell
The joys that now my bosom swell
To trace my tree-cut name?
To them, alas, 'twill only shew
That I was twice ten years ago
A candidate for fame;
And warn me would the waggish throng
To frust to trees, and not to song.

And many a flow'r of purest dye

That open'd in that garden then,

Long since has clos'd it's little eye,

Unplanted in the fields of men.

Fair snowdrops they, that early fall

In the young lap of April gay,

Nor live to see the glories tall

That flourish in the train of May.

Wotless how many a blooming head

May grace the ground when they are dead.

And He* that train'd our tender stem

Now sleeps, good man, the long long sleep with them.

I then 'mid proud Salopia's towers

Lightly my little pinnace plied

O'er Ovid's river, bank'd with bowers,

Or push'd it's more invigour'd powers

Through Virgil's graceful tide;

'Till Fancy loos'd the cables of controul,

And, launch'd at large, I felt th' astonish'd soul

High on the roaring surge of Homer's ocean roll.

* Revd. Eusebius Edwards.

Some, fir'd with hot mis-guiding light,
Like northern flakes that fret the night,
False-glory's meteor glare,
Hurried afar to human fight,
In fields that blasts of evil blight,
To do the work of hell, the butcher-work of war.
Such have afflicted fathers mourn'd,
Such have applauding senates prais'd,
Their bones in holy house inurn'd,
And high the stately stone have rais'd.

O give *me* but to trace my name
The lowest on Parnassus' base,
With pencil dipp'd in Avon's stream,
Though faint and feeble be the trace,
At death I'll deem it higher grace
Than tomb with trophied honours clad,
Though aisl'd in Abbey's hallow'd place,
With all that Sculpture's art can add.

So pray'd my young heart, then all akin
To the numbers wild and free
That here did my boyish bosom win,
As I read of the feats of the bold Robin,
All under the green-wood tree.

Nor lov'd I less in simple dress

The tender verse that ran

Of her that won an earlis son;

And him the banish'd man.

With fev'rish thirst of rhyme inflam'd

I oft the quaint acrostic fram'd;

Or spread the jingling riddle's maze

To catch a comrade's partial praise.

Nor did my stolen leisure lose

On him the Mariner to muse,

Who, far from home's endearing smile,

Dwelt on the solitary isle.

And oft I own'd the despot reign

Of high Romance's giant strain,

Bewitch'd by all the spells that lie

In storied nights of Araby.

No wonder that to minds like mine

Such fancies then seem'd wond'rous fine :

For he, the rude untravel'd wight,

That stares at Breidden's craggy height,

Weets not to what superior skies

The mightier Alps or Andes rise :

Nor dream'd I in those early days
Of Hamlets or of Odysseys.

Since then how varied scenes I've seen!

And dearer learning bought;
Sipp'd at the mingled cups of men,
Ah cups, not always found, I ween,
So pure as then I thought.

Yet not so muddy is the draught

But it may be refin'd,
And ev'n Life's bitterest cup be quaff'd

A med'cine for the mind.
And that dull canting fool, I wis,
That finds on earth no real bliss,
Rails at the cup himself hath mix'd amiss.

Nature for him no blessings show'rs,
With spleen his very soul he sours.
—He needs not seek a scene like this.

Ye flowery vales, ye woody hills,
Thou lengthening prospect wide!
With Gratitude my bosom fills;
And Joy's o'erflowing tide,

To think that, insect though I be,

Yet ev'n to me is given

To con this fair creation free

From insects of a less degree

To orbs that roll in heaven;

Yea, to the fixed fires the mind may soar

That freck night's azure arch and look on millions more.

Yet here on this terrestrial spot

Enough of good is given

To bid us bless our humble lot,

And plume our souls for Heaven.

If aught Devotion can bestow,

And Love-of-man and all below.

'Twas this that led a Newton's soul

Beyond the starry way to roll,

And that, of Heav'n's own fire a part,

Enshrin'd itself in Howard's heart,

And fell, when he to God was gone,

On him, the Man of Whittington.

Thou, sainted Memory, art mine,

And smiling Hope, of birth divine,

Ev'n now I feel your mingled pow'r,
Ev'n in this solitary hour.

Yon church that lofty limes half hide,
High pinnacled in Gothic pride,
The chime the quarter'd hour that tells
Light touch'd on three discordant bells,
Nay all I hear, and all I see,
And all I think has charms for me.

I mark the tow'r's ill-measur'd chimes,
And think on childhood's truant times,
For still the self-same tune is troll'd,
“ My lodging's on the ground so cold.”
Then squalling rapid pass the pile
A flight of wheeling swifts the while,
Or crevic'd in some cornice rough
Chaffers the pert and prattling chough.
And sooth, these sounds, tho' harsh to hear,
At times are music to my ear.

They tell of times that long are gone,
They speak of deeds that long are done,
And musing Memory loves to dwell
On every trifle that they tell.

For taintless times and fraudless deeds
Are of Life's loveliest tree the seeds,
Of which on every branch it rears
Fond Memory pours her pleasing tears,
And if 'tis lopp'd by Fortune's shafts
Sweet Hope her cyons there engrafts,
While on the Heav'n-aspiring shoot
Ripens the everlasting fruit.

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF MY

Birthday,

“ τὴ δ' ἐρᾷ ; ”

What have I been doing?

BLITHE was the board, and festive were the hours
When many a friend regal'd my natal day;
And Mirth and Music join'd their witching pow'rs
To make the very gloom of Winter gay:
When I by chance beneath the nipping ray
Of the cold moon, that glisten'd keen and clear,
Indulg'd at eve a momentary stray,
The Spirit of my birth, with voice severe,
Yet looks serenely sweet address'd my list'ning ear :

Hold, Youth, a moment hold, nor yet return
 . Where sweet Forgetfulness thy mind decoys,
 From rathe Rememb'rance one true maxim learn,
 —One thoughtless step Life's journey oft alloys;
 Put off from hence the soft indulgent joys,
 The dream of youth that leads to waking woe,
 Fond scenes of love, and rhymes, and idle toys,
 And all that youth and playful fancies shew.
 —Poor is the rose's fruit tho' sweet it's blossoms blow.

Since first thy little infant steps I view'd
 Full twice ten times the verdure's come and flown;
 Yet not in vain these trees their bloom renew'd,
 —Full twice ten times the useful fruits have grown;
 Then what hast *thou* in all these seasons done?
 Does Truth expand while Science cloathes thy mind?
 Bring'st thou from Oxford's pageant porch, alone
 A tufted cap, and hood “that droops behind!”
 With sleeves of fluttering silk replete with empty wind?

Was it for this by Severn's circling stream

I taught thy youth to cull the fairest flow'rs?

Was it for this I oft to Isis came

And cheer'd thy wand'ring solitary hours?

But now my wing with sad reluctance cours

To see thy youth in soft enjoyment flown;

To see neglected all thy native pow'rs,

And twice ten years of youthful vigour gone.

Say, in these years of prime—*what hast thou done?*

Hast thou aright the league of God explor'd

That Nature's comments on her Author shew?

Hast thou in op'ning herbs and minerals por'd

Where soothings soft for man's afflictions grow?

Do'st thou of Laws the nice distinction know,

To hold 'twixt man and man the scales of right?

Can'st thou give Truth in Eloquence to flow,

And wrest oppression from tyrannic might?—

—I sigh'd.—The Spirit frown'd—and sighing
took her flight.

CANTICVM

cui Anglice ingressus

“ O Nancy wilt thou gang wi’ me—”

Latine redditum.

ANNA, O ! nonnè tremes mecum procùl ire per agros,

Deliciasque urbis linquere, nonnè tremes?

Parva domusnè tibi viridi sub rupe placebit?

Te neque lassabit rustica vita rudis?

Quò nequè Golcondæ spoliis gemmata nitebis,

Quò nequè vestis erit murice tincta tibi?

Linquere nonnè gemes, virgo charissima, sedes

Quò pulchras inter pulchrior ipsa forcs?

Cùm procùl à chorcis, letâ procùl urbe relictâ,

Festum non cupies tum revocare diem?

Tunè potes solis fervorem ferre furentis,

Tunè potes rigidæ frigora sæva nivis?

Quàm queat (heu! dictu miserum) tua blandula forma,

Quàm pectus tenerum tanta pericla pati?

Ah! cupiesnè redire domosque revisere dulces

Quò pulchras inter pulchrior ipsa fores?

Estnè fidelis amor tibi tantus, amabilis Anna,

Extremas mecum sortis adire vices?

Sique onerosa ruat clades, mea fida puella,

Nonnè dolebis onus triste levare meum?

Dic, veniente gravi cruciata per ossa dolore,

Tunè fovebis, amans, membra calore mihi?

Pectore nec memori lugebis festa relictâ,

Quò pulchras inter pulchrior ipsa fores?

Cùm moribundus ero, amplexus properatque supremus,

Tunè dabis lacrymans basia chara mihi?

Atque oculos dextrâ tremulos mulcebis amatâ,

Dulcèque sedabis tristia tela necis?

Et super exanimum lacrymas spargesnè cadaver,

Singultansque feres sarta caduca manu?

Tum nequè præteritos lugebis in urbe lepores,

Quò pulchras inter pulchrior ipsa fores?

RESPONSIO,

per amicum.

LÆTA tibi, Gulielme, comes nihil ire recusam,

Quà fera fata trahant, te duce, læta sequar :

Tecta casæ deserta colam modò compos amantis,

Muta mihi tecum gaudia sylva feret.

Rustica si vestis Gulielmo pluris habetur,

Anna cupit serum vellera nulla sibi.

Te sinè magnificæque urbis mihi munera sordent,

Et præ te sordent regia dona mihi.

Lata sequar, dilecte virùm, quà previus ibis,

Tædia nec capient me meminisse domum :

Seù proprio rotâ me Sirius urget iniquus,

Sivè furit Boreas, ingeminatque minas.

Tu modo sis semper præsens mihi, nulla timebo

Quid mihi ferre potest sævior ira Dei ;

Temnere vèl summos potero secura dolores,

Èùm tua per terras, te duce, fata sequar.

Finge, age, te gravibus, dirum precor omen abesto!

Implicitum vitæ grande dolere malis;

Suppositus capiti prohibet languere lacertus,

Cantatas curas sopit et Anna tibi.

Quæ tibi sollicito suspensa assidat amore,

Haud mihi, si qua fides, æmula martis erit:

Nec priùs abscedam, victrix quam muneris almi,

Nil nobis, quod te pluris habemus, adest.

Si tibi fata manus, quod Dii prohibete, nocentes

Admoveant, miserum! quid mihi mentis erit?

Namque pii minime poterunt depingere fletus,

Sollicitam qui me perget habere dolor.

Mors autem Stygias cùm te vocet atra sub umbras,

Me morti tradam promptior ipsa sequi:

Et moribunda precar, quò sint sua gaudia morti,

Contiguam poni me, Gulielme, tibi.

SOMNIVM AMANTIS.

“ Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum,
“ Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,
“ Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.”

Virgil.

CHARA mihi apparuit per noctem forma Mariæ,
 Fronte decor micuit, risus in ore fuit:
Dulcè lyram digitis niveis percussit eburnam,
 Dulciòr at cecinit vocibus ipsa simul.
Alba fuit vestis (pectus longè albius) illi,
 Luxerunt gemmæ, frontis at astra magis.
Vidi dum speciem tam divam tamque venustam,
 Flagranti tumuit pectus amore mihi,
Ridentes toties in me direxit ocellos,
 Ah! quoties hæsit corde sagitta meo.
Formam dum miror, miror dum musica verba,
 Parvus perrumpit somnia grata culex:
O inimice culex!—citharæque melosque silesunt,
 Occurritque oculis nulla Maria meis.

Quantùm me præsens tam diva beavit imago.

Tantùm nunc absens saucia corda secat.

Ah ! modò lætus eram, Divùm felicior ullo,

At nunc me miserum pessimus angor habet.

Jam scio quàm paulùm distant dolor atque voluptas,

Quodque hæc hora levat proxima fortè premat.

INSCRIPTION

For an Urn to Linnæus, under a Lime-tree, in the
grounds of John Clavering Wood, Esq.
of Marsh Hall, Salop.

LINNÆVS
DE RE SCRIBIT QVAQVE
BREVITER COPIOSE.
NATVRÆ
SPISSVS FIDVS CLARVS
INTERPRES.
NOTA VERVS,
AVDITA CAVTVS,
COGITATA MODESTVS.
VTILE MINIME IGNORAVIT,
NECNON DVLCI MISCVIT.
ATTICE SPARTANVS.
EST LINNÆVS.

TALI ET TANTO CORDI
MORTVI VRNAM,
VIVENTI SE
LVBENS VOVEAT
I. C. W.

INSCRIPTION

On a root-seat, under a large Purple-Beech,
dedicated to Thomas Yates, at Nursery, Westfelton.

AMICITIÆ ET T. Y.

SELLVLAM HANC,

ET

QVA TEGERIS ARBOREM,

SACRAS ESSE

VOLUIT

J. F. M. D.

Rhymes.

PART III.

Humorous.

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash ;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash ;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din :
For *me*, an aim I never fash ;

I rhyme for fun.

BURNS.

THE
Lawyer
SEEKING A
Saint.

A TALE.

BEFORE I enter on my story,
Good Readers, I must first implore ye
T' observe I serve this saucy dish up
To neither deacon, priest, nor bishop.
To ev'ry mind it must be plain
That 'tis the old popish priests I mean.
Let not my story be mistaken
By English bishop, priest, or deacon,
For they who wince when nothing hits 'em
Appear to "take the cap that fits 'em."

A Lawyer once, as legends tell us,
 For his profession warmly jealous
 That they no sainted patron boasted
 Of whores enshrined, or martyrs roasted,
 Of all the black and bloody number
 Whose names our calendars encumber,
 Resolv'd unto the Pope t' apply,
 A patron there to beg——or buy:
 He put his gown, and ruffles fair on,
 His band, and better head of hair on;
 But, lest his eloquence should flag,
 He stor'd within a yellow bag
 Round arguments, that well he knew
 Would more than Law or Language do;
 And such as always should be pleaded
 When parsons are to be persuaded.

And now, where Poverty's petition
 Pleads long in vain to get admission,
 Our lawyer took a method shorter,
 For trying on the honest porter
 One of his arguments, it straight
 Unbarr'd to him the sacred gate.

So (as I've somewhere heard or read)
 A certain Trojan took in's head
 To see the Devil's parliament,
 And to the gates of Hell he went,
 Where 'till this time he might have tarried
 Had not the witch before him carried
 A golden bough: perhaps this fact is
 The precedent of modern practice,
 For gold is still the ticket to
 The courts above and courts below:
 Nay, some maintain that this same bough
 To maces is converted now,
 And borne in church and state, to shew
 Where those who follow it are to go.

Before his Holiness arriving
 Our lawyer's now his speech contriving,
 Pulls up his gown, puts straight his tails,
 Twisting a red-tape round his nails,
 His fingers tabbering, smooths his band,
 His long sleeve fumbling in his hand;
 Then hemming—simpering—bowing—rises;
 —Like other counsel do at 'ssizes.

For he the reason had discerned
 Why counsellors are call'd "the learned;"
 And 'tis because our pleading men are all
 Like that old Greek attorney-general,
 Who (mumbling in his mouth a jackstone)
 Maintain'd that Eloquence's knack shone
 In nought but "*action, action, action.*" }

Methinks our modern men of fees
 Have heard of this Demosthenes.

Our lawyer bended to the Pope, and
 Thus his urgent case he open'd:

" O thou that art St. Peter's curate,
 " Let not thy bosom prove obdurate,
 " But grant my suit, that neither wishes
 " The scrapings of your loaves or fishes,
 " Nor do I beg, however humble,
 " The crumbs that from your table tumble;
 " The boon I ask to glad my heart with
 " Is what the veriest priest may part with,
 " For such a trifling blessing is it
 " That when 'tis giv'n you will not miss it,

“ For all the object of my plaint

“ Is, to obtain a patron saint.

“ I see not why our honest labours

“ Should not be notic'd like our neighbours.

“ In case of need there's no physician

“ But good St. Luke grants his petition.

“ Death-warrants—pshaw—I mean prescriptions

“ Are sign'd beneath his benedictions.

“ Divines have Peter, Paul, and John,

“ And all the rest to call upon.

“ The cobbler drives nor peg nor his pin

“ Without a pray'r to good St. Crispin.

“ I can make good by cases cited

“ How poor we lawyers are requited;

“ We have no saint in heav'n to shew

“ The good deeds that on earth we do;

“ (Tho some folks think 'twere need we had one

“ To intercede for many a bad one.)

“ We care not what his rank or name is,

“ A lawyer never should be squemish,

“ Tho' if to chuse I am permitted,

“ I'll name one to our calling fitted,

“ The great St. Michael, saint renown’d, .
 “ Who pinn’d the Devil in the pound, .
 “ From whence (O think it not uncommon)
 “ He was replevied by a woman.
 “ This saint then let the lawyers greet,
 “ Who beat down Satan at his feet.

“ So may your holy order be
 “ As leeches to the laity,
 “ Ye know th’ effects of too much blood,
 “ And kindly suck it for our good.
 “ So may your holy order stand
 “ The glow-worms of each gloomy land;
 “ So may your lights lost sheep allure,
 “ Like lanthorns of the marshy moor;
 “ So may ye feast on all thats NICE,
 “ And pardons fetch their highest price;
 “ So may ye after death inherit
 “ The meed that most becomes your merit.”

Thus spoke the Lawyer, bending low :
 The oily Pope began to blow,
 For he in size might safely mock
 The knight who fought by Shrewsbury clock ;

On couch his listless body lolling,
 " His eyes in a fine frenzy rolling"
 Glanc'd, from within their fiery sockets,
 From lawyer's wig to lawyer's pockets;
 And, judging only by his cloathes,
 (Like them whose all depends on those)
 Concluded from his plain apparel
 He was a worthless empty barrel,
 And, pennyless because he guess'd him,
 With haughty look he thus address'd him:

" Thou little limb of litigation,
 " Thou art the Devil's near relation,
 " Such impudence I never saw here,
 " But impudence becomes a lawyer;
 " A lawyer too a saint requiring,
 " But weeds will ever be aspiring,
 " Return, man, to thy long-rob'd brothers,
 " Our saints are all engag'd to others."

While yet he spoke with many a frown,
 The lawyer's hand, beneath his gown,
 His yellow bag from pocket took,
 And loud the jingling shiners shook.

O golden tones! how great your force is,
 How passion-soothing your discourse is!
 Were not the wond'rous lyres of old
 That charm'd the beasts all strung with gold?
 Could he, as I've heard scholars tell,
 That fool who fetch'd his wife from hell,
 Could he (I say) have done such things
 By twanging catgut fiddlestrings!
 Oh no——it was with golden tones
 He mov'd the beasts, the stocks, and stones.
 It must be true——for at this hour
 The lawyer has reviv'd their pow'r,
 Nor do they leave him in the lurch,
 But move——a pillar of the church:
 For as the lawyer's music jingled,
 The Pope's soft heart with pleasure tingled.

This very fact explains the riddle
 Why after-poets prais'd the fiddle,
 (The fiddle here, observe, I go to
 Like Rhetoricians,——*pars pro toto.*)
 And why the fiddle they confess'd
 Had "charms to soothe a savage breast."

What miracles may we not hope
 Since music "bends a knotty"—Pope?
 And by its magic pow'r we find
 The true "affections of his mind,"
 His mind, made up of proper soils
 "For treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

Now as the bag came forth to view,
 Quite mild and affable he grew,
 But when 'twas on the table emptied
 His holy heart was almost tempted
 To own his insult he regretted,
 But that's what parson never yet did.

The honest lawyer saw his doubt,
 And thus replying, help'd him out.

"If then your Holiness won't bestow me
 "A patron saint, do but allow me
 "To leave this little mite of mine
 "Intended for my patron's shrine;

“ Tho’ I had hopes for to appear
 “ Before his shrine from year to year,
 “ And to have borne in your procession
 “ The tributes of our poor profession.
 “ But since, alas! as you imply,
 “ Your saints “ have other fish to fry,”
 “ I’ll go, and think no more about ’em,
 “ An honest man may do without ’em,
 “ We’ll try to find another road,
 “ And get to heav’n by doing good.”

The crafty priest began to stare,
 He found he’d carried things too far;
 For then he first reflected on
 The lawyer’s conduct and his own,
 ’Twas then he saw the close attendance
 Of Spirit upon Independence;
 ’Twas then he saw ’twas Pride, not Sense,
 That gives a priest impertinence.

Then O! be they for blockheads book’d
 Who play with fish before they’re hook’d.

And now the lawyer’s money fingering,
 (The counsel bowing, leaving, lingering)

The Pope to stay a moment press'd him,
And rising, gracious thus address'd him:

“ O learned brother of the Law,
“ Do not unsatisfied withdraw,
“ It is the duty of our place
“ To grant petitioners our grace,
“ And with indulgent search to aim it
“ On sinners that with reason claim it.
“ Now it appears that your profession
“ Stands much in need of intercession,
“ And tho' our saints have each their client
“ (The fact is true, you may rely on't)
“ Yet I've a stratagem invented
“ That your profession may be sainted;
“ A priest may quibble if there's cause,
“ And set it down a *pia fraus*.
“ Then if I grant you this petition,
“ It must be done on this condition:
“ You church you see, with painted panes,
“ The statue of each saint contains,
“ In sculptur'd niche each stands alone,
“ Display'd by carver's skill in stone;

" These aisles you'll nine times walk around,
 " Your eyes with ninefold bandage bound,
 " And, while you wear the blinding bands on,
 " The figure first you lay your hands on,
 " Be it on sinner, saint, or matron,
 " Shall hence be call'd the Lawyer's patron:
 " To him your humble pray'rs be made,
 " To him your tribute shall be paid,
 " Your earnest hopes on him rely
 " That he'll promote ye when ye die."

These terms declar'd they both consent,
 And to the sainted walls they went.

And now the cautious parson ties
 A bandage o'er the lawyer's eyes;
 Like cows are hood-wink'd by their master
 That pilfer in another's pasture.

Now, forwards bent, the long-rob'd man
 With out-stretch'd arms his course began:
 Just like a blind old bony horse
 Around a crab-mill gropes his course.
 Each sliding foot the pavement tries,
 Lest steps should trip him by surprise;

Nine times the aisles he hobbled round,
 Nine times the starting-pillar found,
 Nine times each sainted shrine he pass'd,
 And with bewilder'd step at last
 The tenth time stood upon the stone
 Where first his Circuit was begun.
 " All's fair," exclaim'd the Pope, " proceed to
 " Elect the saint that chance may lead to."

Again the hood-wink'd gownsman gropes,
 And for a princely patron hopes,
 Slow thro' the dull and damp aisles groping,
 Moving sometimes, and sometimes stopping;
 At length a sudden stand he made,
 And thoughtful seem'd, as tho' he pray'd.

The Pope (for narrow minds the soonest
 Imagine other men's dishonest)
 His eyes upon the lawyer keeping,
 Strongly suspected him of peeping;
 For he by chance had ta'en his station,
 And seem'd in earnest contemplation,
 Just where on high St. Michael stood,
 With Satan at his feet subdu'd.

“ Let’s see before you lay your hands on,”
 Exclaim’d the Pope, “ if safe the band’s on.”
 He found it safe, his doubts were eas’d,
 He bade him touch whene’er he pleas’d.

But first he whisper’d in his ear
 What now must in my tale appear;
 For ’tis the duty of my story
 A popish trick to lay before ye,
 Altho’ it is as idle stuff cast
 From th’ ancient tale that now I roughcast;
 Which reason to conclude may urge ye
 ’T has been corrected by the clergy;
 For th’ oldest books are most suspected
 T’ have been by popish priests *corrected*.

The trick was this——the Pope observing
 (A lucky thought his purpose serving)
 The lawyer being in stature low
 Could hardly reach St. Michael’s toe,
 And that he needs must lay his hands on
 The figure that St. Michael stands on;
 Approach’d the doubting lawyer near,
 And, nudging, whisper’d in his ear——

“ We clergy ever are inclin’d
“ To help the ignorant and blind,
“ Therefore, my friend, if you should halt here,
“ You’re sure to touch St. Michael’s altar.”

This hint the lawyer much delighted,
Who thus his vows in raptures plighted,
Exclaiming “ by the Virgin matron,
“ Be this our saint, be this our patron,
“ To this saint (be it who it may)
“ Henceforth let ev’ry lawyer pray;
“ I’ th’ name of all our tribe I take him,
“ O never may our tribe forsake him,
“ To him each lawyer’s vows be made,
“ To him each lawyer’s tribute paid,
“ Our earnest hopes on him rely
“ That he’ll promote us when we die.”

With that (misled by counsel evil)
One hand he reach’d, and grasp’d—the Devil!
And (as by sympathy) he puts
The other on the parson’s guts.

And now the Pope (O cunning elf!
Thinking to be the saint himself)
The disappointed lawyer press'd
As saint to chuse which he thought best,
Either the Devil or the Priest. }

Quoth he, “ our tribe I bring this farce on
“ By taking counsel of a parson;
“ So therefore I reject the priest,
“ And——*of two evils chuse—the least!*”

THE STORY OF

Prometheus

done into doggrel.

WE read in Greek Romances old
That one Prometheus was so bold
Smoaking with friends and ale jocosely
At heaven's lamp to light his *Broseley*.
But how he got the ethereal prize,
By convex glass, or lady's eyes,
Is not by th' old recorders cited,
But certain 'tis his pipe was lighted;
For, as I know the story ran,
With that same pipe he made a man;
He mix'd his clay and alabaster,
And cast in earthen mold his plaister,

And wond'rous ! when the mold was fractur'd,
A living man was manufactur'd.

Now Jove, a Justice of the Peace,
Hearing the said Prometheus' case,
Cried, " Zounds ! from us our trade he's taking,
" We have a patent for man-making.
" Go order Vulcan and his lads
" To bring their hammers and some gads,
" To bear him hence, and fast nail him on
" The snowy summit of Pliulimmon.
" And let him hang for ages thereon
" To feed the kites and crows with carrion."

Up there for thrice ten years he stuck,
While vulture's gnaw'd his growing *pluck*.
From whence at length he got release
By giant-killer Hercules.

Yet Jove, of heav'n the Lord Chief Baron,
Sitting one day his elbow chair on,
Could not forget his ancient huff,
And thought his sufferings not enough.

Then much he por'd with dire intent
 To find a greater punishment;
 He thought of scourges, racks, and chains,
 Of living deaths, and lingering pains,
 Of burning, freezing, frying, toasting,
 Piercing, cutting, starving, roasting;
 And one by one his fancy fell
 On all the punishments of hell.

Nay, once it came his cruel head in
 To make him study special-pleading.
 Or feel, like me, how keen the curse is
 To want a rhyme when writing verses.
 Or, what is worse, like you're now plighted,
 To hear a tedious tale recited.

But while each torture thus he singled,
 He was resolv'd to have them mingled;
 And that Prometheus should be fix'd
 Where all these miseries are mix'd;
 And so in doubt no longer tarried,
 But straight resolv'd to have him——married!

Quoth he, “ in Hymen’s stocks I’ll place him,
 “ Where ev’n Repentance can’t release him :
 “ And there, if I am not mistaken,
 “ He’ll get his belly-full of bacon.
 “ With his own blow-pipe there I’ll bend him,
 “ And an extinguisher will send him,
 “ Which, if he once begins to handle,
 “ Will soon put out his farthing candle,
 “ And soon will he, I warrant, then
 “ Be surfeited of making men.

“ But then (thought he) ’twill all depend
 “ Upon what sort of wife I send :
 “ Women, like cards, before they’re tried,
 “ Display to view the fairer side ;
 “ But, taken up, make many start
 “ To find a club who sought a heart,
 “ A partner that, with alter’d face,
 “ Will play the deuce and lose the ace.

“ Then should I such a trump bestow
 “ As I have dealt to—(one you know)—
 “ A greater blessing can’t be given
 “ Not ev’n by me, tho’ king of heaven.

" But if it is my luck to pitch
 " On such a self-conceited bitch
 " As once the Devil dropp'd—(I fear
 The reader will too soon guess where)—
 " More curses will his couch encumber
 " Than all the devils in hell can number.
 " To find a wife of such a grain
 " In heaven, the closest search is vain;
 " In heaven I'm sure no lady's maid is,
 " Nor are there boarding-schools for ladies.
 " This bus'ness I'll no longer sulk on,
 " But find my old fac-totum Vulcan."

This Vulcan was a man of mettle,
 Could clean a jack, or mend a kettle,
 With all the gods he'd crack his joke,
 And had of work a decent stroke;
 Old Neptune's fish-fork he'd repair,
 Or clap a shoe on Juno's mare.
 Nay once (as I have somewhere read it)
 He made a shield that did him credit.
 He shone alike in great and small trades,
 In short, he was—a Jack of all trades.

Now Jove went out with anger itching,
 And found this Vulcan in the kitchen;
 He'd brought a poker for the maid,
 And o'er a mug of beer he stay'd.

" Vulcan, (quoth he) my crafty cobb,

" I'll help thee to a titish jobb;

" Which, if well done, shall make thee prouder,

" Shall wider spread thy fame and louder,

" Than all my casks of thunder-powder.

" For, when complete, I have a notion

" 'Twill represent perpetual motion.

" Yet, tho' I sketch thee here an outline,

" Without rule do it, and without line.

" This instrument, when first 'tis found,

" Has sweetest melody of sound,

" But seldom, like the flute, appears

" To sweeten as it grows in years.

" Nay oftentimes its sweetest tones

" Will turn to discords all at once,

" And so astonish those that play it

" That all their power cannot lay it.

“ Yet many a man that once has seen it
“ Would give the world could he obtain it;
“ But having it, he’d grieve and flout it,
“ And give the world to be without it;
“ Just like the magnet is its action,
“ Possessing wonderful attraction,
“ And like the inverted magnet too
“ It often drives what once it drew.
“ And though this little neat machine
“ Is weak and tender to be seen,
“ And knows submission is its station,
“ It rules the lords of the creation.”

“ Quoth Vulcan (slyly tossing up
The drippings of his empty cup)
“ The thing you want is not uncommon,
“ Your riddle means, a sort of woman
“ By nature made to fit her station,
“ But warp’d by modern education;
“ And, by my faith, friend Jove, between us
“ You call’d to mind our Missus—Venus;
“ The veriest devil in the skies,
“ But, hang her—she’s got pretty eyes.

“ Your wish, friend Jove, fulfill’d you’ll find,
 “ I’ll rig a vessel to your mind.”

He molds a maid in form so fair
 That ev’n with Venus might compare,
 In graceful attitude might ape her,
 The foot so neat, the leg so taper,
 Peeping beneath her snowy cloathes
 That careless o’er her limbs he throws;
 Her graceful hair in fillet furls,
 Her forehead half-conceals in curls;
 Her eyes with lengthen’d lashes tips,
 And parts with pearls her luscious lips!
 But ah! no spark of mind or soul
 Was there to brighten up the whole,
 He gave her life, and that was all,
 And made her just about as tall
 As girls when first they go a madding,
 And sent her ’mong the gods a gadding;
 Like girls go gadding here in London,
 To have their brains and tuckers undone,
 And spend a world of pence and pains
 To spoil their tuckers and their brains.

She'll something learn, and yet 'tis odds,
 I'th higher circles——'mong the gods.
 She first to Juno pays devotions
 And learns of her to have high notions;
 Thinking her haughtiness to hide
 Because she calls it——“ proper pride.”
 Venus soon learns her tittle-tattle,
 And Mars the captain brags of battle;
 And Monsieur Mercury, d'ye see,
 Shews rigadoon and balance'.
 But, oh Apollo ! 'twould make you sick
 To hear her strum, and call it music.

In short, she visited their halls,
 Their dinner-parties, routs, and balls,
 And took, in this exalted station,
 What Fashion calls——her Education;
 But, as 'tis call'd by men of letters,
 To ape the vices of her betters.
 And 'cause she something learn'd from all,
 They did her name Pandora call.

Now having taken her degrees,
 Mistress of Arts, such arts as these,

Straight unto Jove old Vulcan brought her,
 And shew'd how stylishly he'd fraught her,
 —Equal to any modern daughter.

Well pleas'd was then old Jove to find
 A vixen suited to his mind;
 A face so fair, a head so evil,
 'Twould catch a saint, and plague a devil.
 Then in her hand a box he put,
 And charg'd her close to keep it shut,
 And give it to the man she led
 To be the part'ner of her bed;
 And while the box was in their keeping
 She never once should dare to peep in.
 He order'd Vulcan then to carry her,
 And ask Prometheus—if he'd marry her.

Prometheus, cunning as old Nick,
 Knew Jove intended him some trick,
 And rightly all her trappings took
 For feathers that conceal'd a hook,
 “ No, no, (quoth he) friend Vulcan, here
 “ You bring *the wrong sow by the ear*;

“ And so my door I beg you’ll step by,
 “ And take her to my brother *Epi.*”

Now *Epimetheus* was more slow
 In judgment, than his brother *Pro*.
 A plain good-natur’d sort of chap,
 Quite unsuspecting of mishap;
 His judgment always, by the bye,
 Was dazzled with a woman’s eye;
 And when a lovely nymph he saw
 He never thought of blot or flaw;
 Or seeing them would be their bail,
 —Like him who tells this silly tale,
 Nor wonder that his brother *Pro*
 This act unbrotherly should do,
 For now-a-days full many a brother
 Is often catch’d in such another.

Poor *Epimetheus* soon consented,
 And *Vulcan* soon the knot cemented,
 Ere scarce the parties had agreed,
 Like that old chap beyond the Tweed.

And now for almost half a year
 Quite happy liv'd the wedded pair;
 Not but sometimes the wife was pleading
 Her claims to quality and breeding;
 And honest *Epi* now and then
 Would wish the noose untied again.
 But these had been small stumbling-blocks;
 Had she not op'd her fatal box.

Upon the lock, which open'd easy,
 Was seen the name of "DELICACY;"
 The key presented to appearance
 These words—"I'M MUTUAL FORBEARANCE."

She burst the bolt, and out a crew
 Of hideous winged harpies flew;
 Of various vice a combination—
 The fruits of female education.
 And, as the hellish army fled,
 Was seen Repentance at their head.
 They grinn'd and pass'd like those grim sprites
 That length'ning load a sick man's nights,

And never after, each by fits
 'Twixt *Epi* and Pandora sits.
 In bed among the curtains creep;
 At board betwixt the dishes peep;
 Clung to his thoughts with griping pow'r;
 Hung on her looks to make them lour;
 Nay, ev'n their very words bestrode,
 And spurr'd them sharply as they rode;
 Lork'd in each dimple's downy hole,
 And made it seem a hairy mole;
 Bestrode the optics of their eyes,
 And gave all colours different dyes;
 Made every-thing appear improper,
 Like objects thro' a bottle-stopper.

Within the broken box they find
 That Hope alone was left behind.

O think not by my silly song,
 Ye lovely sex, I do ye wrong;
 I sorrow that your angel forms
 Should be the beds of canker-worms,

Most hateful in that lovely tree
 Where luscious fruits and flow'rs should be ;
 As weeds appear more odious far
 In gardens sure than any where.

O maidens, would it but content ye
 To be but arm'd, as Nature meant ye,
 With real Beauty, Sense, and Virtue,
 No silly song could ever hurt you.
 No sly Prometheus in each lass
 Need then beware the snake i' th' grass ;
 Nor would poor *Epi* meet our mind ,
 In many a modern husband kind,
 Whose leaky box of harpies more has
 Than ever issued from Pandora's.

But as things stand, 'tis fit we see
 Into what hole we thrust our key ;
 For Jove himself could not invent
 For man a greater punishment
 Than to condemn him to be mated
 With woman falsely educated,

Unmarried friends, the proverb keep,
And mind to “ *look before ye leap.*”
Beware the witching spell that lies
In sugar lips and shining eyes.
And when ye are on woman studying,
Think on a nicely-sugar’d pudding,
Having, for all it looks so nice,
Too little taste, or too much spice ;
Beware all outside sham and cheating,
“ *The proof (ye know) is—in the eating.*”

THE
Wedding Shoes.

A TALE.

“ Ecce iterum Crispinus!”——

JUVENAL.

COME titter at my tale of ticklish times,
Come——don't ye know me?
I am the wag who sung in rugged rhymes
The Lawyer and his chosen Saint;
Yes, I am he; now if I ben't
The Devil blow me.
And I too into doggrel *did* Prometheus,
I vote that fun may never fail;
Of sullen sulkiness I cannot see the use,
If things go wrong it won't avail.
Then titter at my tale; for ye shall hear
——All that I have written there.
Come titter at my tale.*

* Come listen to a tale of times of old!
Come, for ye know me: I am he who sung
The maid of Arc: and I am he who framed
Of Thalaba the wild and wonderous song.
Come listen to my lay, and ye shall hear
How Madoc from the shores of Britain spread
The adventurous sail——Come listen to my lay.

Introduction to SOUTHEY'S “ MADOC.”

WIVES and their wedding-shoes I sing,
Fail may the proverb never
That bids us wives in due subjection bring
In their wedding-shoes,
Or else we lose
The victory for ever.

The blooming maid, I own, may scold
That with some fribbling monkey matches,
A little month or ere those shoes are old
In which she follow'd him, for lace and gold,
Like Harlequin all patches.
For not the true elastic sword
Is his, with Cupid's magic stor'd,
But 'twill her expectations bilk,
And prove "a chip in milk."

But he my hero was a blade
A blithe young barrister, and no such prig;
Law's knotty cues (the essence of his trade)
Seem'd on his head entail'd, for it display'd
A wig.

Logic he lov'd, and thus he logic'd love:

Women, I grant, have that which must endear them;
But that they have a tongue—I need not prove,

Argal—I fear them.

For such he knew there were (I mercy cry them)
That seem incarnate angels—'till you try them.

Deceitful thus did beauty dwell

In Milton's angels—'till they fell.

Yet for myself in honest truth I'll add,

As I'm a sinner,

I could not bear a wife unless she had

Some devil in her.

Not that I'm greedy for a deal,

But just enough to turn the scale;

About as much as she—but stay,

Here comes the heroine of my play.

High on a green-baiz'd bench in court that far

O'erlook'd the judge, the jury, and the bar,

The maid exalted sat, by cushions rais'd.

That ladies e'er should there resort,

Squeez'd in a steamy crowded court,

I'm quite amaz'd!

Are they with pleading, fraud, crim:con: and scandal,
And all the long-stiff points that lawyers handle,
So highly pleas'd?

Nay, I declare,

(Though I'm aware

They'll wish my pate a hearty banging)

Far more resort

To the other court,

As though they lov'd to hear of hanging.

It must be so : or have I reason'd bad ?

No matter.

My heroine was there, neat, trimly clad ;

She set the barristers a boggling,

They could not read their briefs for ogling,

And ev'n the Old-one squinted at her.

If I a metaphor must give her,

I'll call her Cupid's favourite quiver.

And now just comes into my head

A simile I've somewhere read ;

From head to foot her form divine

Was like—just like—a porcupine !

Because her shape from all its parts

Possess'd the pow'r of shooting darts.

Of course, I wot,
 Our Lawyer's caught,
 And got into her trap he has;
 For, as he gaz'd with silent sighs,
 Cupid's bum-bailiffs issued from her eyes,
 And serv'd him with a *capias*.

(They're body-writs, and those who send 'em
 Want it———*ad satisfaciendum*)

Oh for the gods old Homer got
 When scenes or actors wanted shifting!
 For in my plot
 Occurs a knot
 Worthy a god to give a lift in.
 Lift me the lady out of court;
 Come, do be civil;
 Jump at the jobb, ye gods, and thank me for't;
 Or I'll invoke the Devil.

'Tis done.—Th' infernal spells prevail;
 Court, crowd, counsel, disappear;
 All, but the lovers of my tale,
 Are gone—the lord knows where.

Now speed, my Muse, in roving rhyme,
 Break thro' the unities of *Place* and *Time*;
 And for their mutual satisfaction,
 Proceed we now to try the *Action*.
 For be it known, between them both

It stands thus stipulated,
 That she, the wife, tho' something loth,
 Yields to this point her lover stated;
 That all her whims shall but be borne
 'Till fairly out her shoes are worn

In which the wedding's consummated.

And that, to have her Will the longer,
 She might procure those shoes the stronger;
 Nay more, she ev'n so far prevail'd
 That, if she chose—they might be nail'd.

But when the wedding morn appear'd,
 The timid lover almost fear'd

To look upon her feet;
 For, pondering on approaching fate,
 He'd dream'd of cloven ones of late.
 And thought to see two wooden logs
 Well fitted in the form of clogs,

Firm stitch'd and nail'd complete.

When peep'd her slender foot half-hid,
 Enslipper'd neat in thin new kid.

The wondering youth was overjoy'd;
 Took courage and pull'd up his breeches;
 Odd's flesh! there's comfort yet (he cried)
 This flimsy leather
 Can't last for ever,
 Though tough, and tight the stitches.

Now the next morning early,
 As the young bride
 Lay by his side
 She thus bespoke him fairly:
 My love, explain
 What lawyers mean
 By consummation of a wedding?
 Doubtless (he cried)
 My dearest bride,

The bedding.

Why then (said she) my Will I've won,
 For shoes of living skin I've on;
 And, if my dearest thinks I've fail'd,
 I'll prove my wedding-shoes are—NAIL'D!

Old Nick ;

OR, THE BIRTH OF BREIDDEN ;

*Being a Pindaric Grin for the Convivials
of Breidden-hill, 1811.*

BY THEIR POET-FERNEAT.

FRIENDS, Britons, Breiddenites, lend me your ears,

I come to *lay* the Devil, not to praise him ;

Tho' if you'll keep my courage up with cheers,

I'll raise him.

For I've a whim

To make a bit of fun of him.

We need not fear *his* arts or arms,

Encircled as *we* are—with *charms*,

Tho', by the bye, he wo'nt appear
In Shropshire or Montgomeryshire;

So well they wish him
For the old grudge he meant them here,
They'll send him home with a flea in his ear,
They'll dish him.

'Tis an old granny's story—'tis a queer one;

Come, pass the cup,
For now I'm up
I'll tell it—for you perhaps may like to hear one.

Thus I, your Ferneat, may shew
You've not misplac'd the wreath my head that graces,
For fern is natural—quite at home, you know,
In *barren* places.

When the Devil in old times got a jobb of work
In his own proper person he'd pursue it;
And not, I trow,
As he does now,
In other folks's persons lurk

And make *them* do it.
But even now he's quickly known
Whether in Lawyer's or in Parson's gown

He dares to shew him;

Look to his deeds,

And spite of his ²silken or his sable weeds

You'll know him.

But to my story.—It befel

Once on an embassy from Hell,

He sought thro' stout Montgomery and honest Salop,

Some caitiff heart wherein to hide him;

But there he found his curs'd design was all up,

They couldn't abide him.

Quoth he then, mutt'ring, since no friend I've found,

'Twixt both these counties I'll the Severn pound

By dropping a huge mountain in that river;

So will the one be dried, the other drown'd;

If I don't do it—damn my liver!

Now in those days (as Poets tell)

There was in Hell

A hill up which with many a groan

A fellow heav'd a huge round stone,

Which, when he'd got it almost to the top,

Would obstinately trundle down

(Before he could say Jack Robinson,)

And, bouncing, plump against another stone

Wop.

And so his work was never done,
Which to the Devil was rare fun;
And 'cause the chap had longing seen
Some damsel's downy-dimpled 'chin,
Thus did Old Nick his longings cross;
For well 'tis known
To roll a stone
Is not to gather moss.

The Devil in haste
Around his waist
An apron-string of tape run,
Pick'd up this hill and stone at a souse,
As easily as crack a louse,
And clapp'd them in his apron.
Then came he waddling on his way,
And puffingly he bore him;
Like a fat Alderman on a lord-mayor's day,
That straddling struts
After his guts,
For fear they should break loose and get there before him.

Now whether we're like Old Nick or he like us

I'll not make a fuss,

Odious comparisons I mustn't haul here;

Tho' in some things it does me strike,

That we and he are like to like,

As he said when he kiss'd the collier.

But certain 'tis, the more we hurry us

When on the Devil's bus'ness bent,

'Twill often make us frustrate our intent,

'Twill flurry us.

So did it him:—for when he came

Within a stone's-throw of the stream,

Grunting and writhing,

A rough edge of this rugged rock

Nick'd the tape apron-string, which broke,

And down dropp'd BREIDDEN!

He, cursing, left it where it fell,

And in a huff shot back to hell!

But first the rolling stone he swung,

And farther tow'rd the Severn flung;

Where to this day it still is shewn,

And still is call'd—THE KISSING STONE.

Now ever since, when the Devil lends

His apron to his friends

To do some dirty jobb in,

He bids them thus beware the worst,

“ Beware th’ old nick that Breidden burst,

“ Beware th’ old nick i’ th’ bobbin,

“ Lest you, unapron’d, feel like me the shame of

“ A scurvy trick.”

And hence, no doubt, the Devil got the name of

OLD NICK.

Now if in your way the Devil sends

His friends ;

In whatsoever robes array’d,

As aforesaid,

Look to their deeds, I say, you can’t mistake ’em ;

And if folks *will* tie up vile things,

Under their apron-strings,

Oh !———may the Old Nick break ’em.

But ere Life's cup of care we fill

Let us distil

Good thoughts from evil ;

With Mirth's essential spirit let's anoint

Life's creaking joint

And when old Time *our* apron-string unties,

Mount may we, like old Breidden, to the skies,

And, like old Breidden, — disappoint the Devil.

“ OLD NICK ” is nothing more than the popular story of the peasantry around the BREIDDEN mountains, carelessly thrown into measure for the entertainment of the convivial party of Ladies and Gentlemen, who (in commemoration of nothing more than their former meetings of mirth and amusement) spend a summer's day there, under the conduct of an annual President, Recorder, and Poet-Ferneat; which latter office the Author had the honour of holding in 1811, being their 22nd anniversary. See “ BEAUTIES OF ENGLAND AND WALES,” Vol. 13. p. 289. *Shropshire.*

PROLOGUE FOR A

Farce.

Written and sent to London at the request of some juvenile actors there.

Enter Manager.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Let me read you a letter, that patly now pops here
In the place of a prologue.—'Tis dated from Shropshire.

Dear Jack,

——I have spurr'd my dull Muse to make one try
To tell how we actors get praise in the country,
Where our audience ne'er yawn at the squallings
of Naldi,
Never weep at your Kemble, nor grin at Grimaldi.

But they fix on a FARCE (for too just are our fears
 Since they sleep at our *hamlets* they'd snore at our
 Lears.)

Our bedquilt is hung on whose patchwork so gay
 Trees, trophies, and temples, at once we display;
 Our parts are rehears'd, and our playbills indited;
 And all good-natur'd friends (but none else) are invited;
 To whom, while our actors are putting their dress on,
 Little Miss thumbs and elbows her only Hook's lesson;
 While each actor by turns thro' a slit in the quilt
 His well-raddled nose pushes up to the hilt;
 Or peeps with importance behind the *proscenium*;
 (—That's a name that we give to two pots of geranium)

But hark!—'twas the sheep-bell!—a sure signal
 that is

That summons to fame our *personæ dramātis*.
 See!—the coverlet moves!—like the forest of Birnam!
 (Curse the pulleys and cords—how they creak as we
 turn 'em)—

The wit it then wags, and the fun it goes featly,
 And 'twixt prompter *and* actor 'tis done most com-
 pletely.

Then how from our audience can plaudits be scarce,
 When our acting is all—(what they fix'd on)—A FARCE?

Epilogue

For the Theatricals at Prado, the seat of the
Honourable Thomas Kenyon.

(In the character of a Barrister.)

MAY it please ye, my lords, and you jury of ladies,
Ye well know neither speaking nor acting our trade is ;
But in hopes to amuse our poor efforts we strain,
We blacken our whiskers and spangle our train ;
And your ridicule risk while we strive to resemble
The voice of a Siddons, and strut of a Kemble
But "the deed is now done," all our faults are committed
And your verdict we wait to be quash'd or acquitted.

Tho' with brief in my hand here their counsel you see
'Tis their fault if I fail—for they've giv'n me no fee.
Yet to shew the warm wish of my clients' intention,
One case that's in point from my brief will I mention.

You all may remember the Midsummer sports—
 (The Case is reported in Shakspeare's Reports)
 Of Snout, Quince, and Snug—bright Athenian fellows;
 Poor Starveling the stitch-louse, and a mender of bellows;
 How their play was prefer'd, and their parts how they
 got 'em,

All conducted in style under manager Bottom.
 Poor Pyramus, plum'd with a turkey-cock's feather,
 And Thisbe, sweet maid, in an apron of leather,
 And her majesty's tinker, stout, clever, and tall,
 Daub'd over with mortar—"presented a wall."

That king Theseus was wise, we hardly may
 doubt him,

For he took care to have HONEST PLAYERS about him,
 In perfection he look'd not for such to succeed,
 But kindly accepted—the will for the deed.

If at Athens, for wisdom and justice renown'd,
 And in goodness of heart kind indulgence is found,
 Sure we (tho' of acting we shew but the shadow,
 May with confidence look for indulgence at Prado.

Yet another word more.—Should we meet your denial,
 We'll move to amend, and obtain a new trial;
 Then, whate'er the decree, we shall feel satisfaction
 If the friends of a KENYON shall *judge* of our ACTION.

TO MRS. REYNOLDS, OF LAMBETH,

with a

Goose.

As I oft have been told
By the poets of old
Of the swans at their death singing once,
I ask'd of my Muse
A few rhymes for my goose,
For she knew that "my geese were all swans."

But on learning to whom
My poor rhymes were to come
She told me *your* happier Muse
Would declare with shrewd wit
That *my* note was scarce fit
To accompany that of my goose.

But i' faith (replied I)
My poor efforts I'll try,
And if they should fail to amuse,
Give my paper the fire
That my verses require,
And they'll shine—when they're singeing the goose.

Old historians describe
How this cackling tribe
One night sav'd a city from plunder;
But more laurels shall shine
Over this goose of mine
That one day saves a lady from hunger.

“ Mother Goose” and her eggs,
And Grimaldi's loose legs
Suit a cockney's theatrical rage;
But such jokes who'd not quit
To partake of your wit,
And my goose—stuff'd with onions and sage?

Was my goose but a speaker
(As good int'rest might make her)

To your social table when carried
She'd exclaim—" 'tis now clear'
" Why my master comes here,
"—'Tis to learn to live happy when married.

" May each unmarried pair
" See how happy ye are,
" Admire the sweet lesson, and learn it;
" For without it 'tis plain
" Life's a straw without grain,
" The veriest gander would spurn it.

" Then O long may ye live
" The example to give,
" And its influence widely diffuse;
" And may all who despise
" Be refer'd for advice
" To the last dying speech of a goosc.'

THE
Oxonians'

BURLESQUE TRANSLATION

Of the first Ode of Horace.

"Mæcenas, atavis edite regibus." &c.

SOME youths (ye Presidents and Wardens)
That reign in college courts, and gardens;
Delight in dashing gigs to raise
Oxonian dust in summer days,
And with hot wheels to hurry home
I'th 'nick of time for tolling Tom;
To gain your grace and commendation,
And save their blockheads from translation.

This youth, for ROWS to honour rais'd,
Is by the noisy gownsmen prais'd;

Nor can the *present, past, or future*,
 Oblige him to attend his tutor;
 Contented if he only gains
 An imposition for his pains.

Another (to be reckon'd great)
 Squanders health, money, and estate;
 Nor can the Muses or Apollo
 Persuade him good advice to follow.

The student in some college moping
 On Rhetoric, or Logic chopping,
 Whose brains a syllogism teases,
 And idle life of pleasure praises,
 And in "*plain terms*" begins to curse all
Particulars and Universal;
 But soon he finds his *fallacy*,
 And takes his Aldrich up with joy.

Here Euclid's poring sophist wrangles
 To prove that squares are not triangles;
 And draws great learning from his pate
 To shew that crooked is not straight;
 And proves by argument (d'ye see)
 'Tis clear as mud that A's not B.
 Or stuffs with algebra his head
 From *a b c* to *x y z*.

Another, whom no problems puzzle,
 The purple poison loves to guzzle;
 And, happy with his drunken rabble,
 Reclines at ease beneath the table.

Others in streets with clubs rejoice,
 Regardless of the proctor's voice;
 And heed them not, but ev'n deride 'em
 When they exclaim "*siste per fidem*."

This loves his teasing duns to bully,
 And break their heads with *Locke* or *Tully*,
 And *that* all gentler joys despises
 To steer a girl upon the Isis.
 While 'tis another's *summum bonum*
 To cheat the manciple and Hownam.*

Be mine the curly wig of state
 That decks the lawyer's empty pate;
 In ragged gown to thump and stare
 'Mid bums and bullies at the bar.
 O teach me, *Lyttleton* and *Coke*,
 To bother from the bench of oak.
 But graft me 'mid the TWELVE a member,
 I'll lift me to the "starred-chamber;"
 Then shall my name be known afar—
 From Charing Cross to Temple Bar!

* The late butler of Christ Church, Oxford.

Myself and Echo,

A DIALOGUE.

“ Potesne mihi dicere verum, Echo?

Εχω.”

ERASMUS.

SWEET Echo, if thou’st to my plaint reply,
And counsel me, to learn of thee I’ll try?

I’ll try.

First tell me how to pay my court to thee
That thy replies and counsel may be free?

Be free.

Then tell me of my faults, but not too loud
Lest of thy privilege I think thee proud.

I think thee proud.

And what do'st thou expect that dar'st adventure
Thus bold to brand thy votaries with censure?

Censure.

What makes me proud? come, Echo, spare me never,
I see, pert nymph, you fancy yourself clever.

You fancy yourself clever.

Why people tell me so, I know not why,
Good-natur'd souls,—then should I think they lie?

I think they lie.

What *do* they think me then, come tell me cool,
To see me feed on flattery from a fool?

A fool!

Then what is he that says my verse has fire,
And swears that mine's a simple and sweet lyre?

A simple and sweet liar.

Then what are all the hopes I entertain
To pierce at last the rich poetic vein?

Vain.

B b

Then in the lyre no longer I'll delight,
Nor court the Muse, nor jingling verses write.

Right.

What think'st thou of my promise to apply
And make the Bar my firm and fond ally?

A lie.

In fair Westfelton's groves, of me admir'd,
How shall I feel to live alone, retir'd?

Tir'd.

Why then to music, books, and friends I'll fly,
And for a wife I'll wed Philosophy.

O fie!

What then, sly nymph, thou fair would'st have me marry
Like heedless boys, all rash and momentary?

Tarry.

Am I then such a simple fool, whose heart
Listens to babbling gossips like thou art?

Thou art.

What should I think each flaunting girl whose pride all
Breaks out in dress, whom foplets call an idol?

An eye-doll.

Can they be good, whose pride and wealth immense
Stalks o'er the simple fields of innocence?

In no sense.

How shall I give their minds a spark of freedom?
Tho' bards like angels wrote, they'd never read 'em.

Never heed 'em.

Oh! shall I ever on this side the grave,
Find a good wife, as I've seen others have?

Others have.

And finding such, I then should mar the matter,
How should I know her mind? I'm no Lavater.

Have at her.

But how, if she in Love's coy smiles enmask her,
Will she be led in Hymen's ray to bask her?

Ask her.

But wo'nt a woman's word, tho' firm she boast it,
Deceive the truest youth ? Ah ! nymph, thou know'st it.

Thou know'st it.

But if she swear it, and the ring he shews her,
And all seems fix'd, is he *then* sure he knows her ?

No, Sir.

Some few I've seen so sweet, that, (on my conscience,)
For their dear sakes I can think ill of none since.

Nonsense !

Of woman more I'd learn, but not fatigue thee
Sweet nymph, with questions, for I fear they'll
plague thee.

They'll plague thee.

When can I best my own opinion shew
Aply as thou do'st, nymph, when spoken to ?

When spoken to.

What, do I then (to sense and manners lost)
Babble the stuff of others, as thou do'st ?

Thou do'st.

Thou'lt tell me then, pert nymph, by the same rule,
For very talking's sake I talk to a fool.

I talk to a fool.

Nay, Echo, nay, give me a fair reply,
For, gentle nymph, in a mistake you lie.

You lie.

Uncourteous maid ! affronting a young man
To court your smiles and favours who began.

Who began ?

Baggage, I know thy prattling sex too well ;
Fool me no more ; I'm tir'd, so fare thee well.

I'm tir'd, so fare thee well.

FAREWELL TO THE

Muse.

I fear me, Muse, that fond and young
My heart inebriate misgave me,
When first I sipp'd thy winning song,
And lov'd thy looks, that do deceive me;
Had I but reach'd a riper age,
And Reason to her main-mast bound me,
I then, like him the wandering Sage,
Had stopp'd my ears ere thou had'st found me,
Thou Syren.

In fair Westfelton's groves of rest

Thou cam'st with halcyon draughts of others,
And, as *their* nectar fir'd my breast,

Sorc'ress! thou bad'st me think them brothers;
Bright evergreens, that lustering shine,

Their brows embower'd and honour'd made them;
While thou poor wild-flow'rs thrust on *mine*,

Nor told of frost that soon would fade them,

Thou Syren.

Yet has thy little lyre the pow'r,

Though deem'd by defter bards a bad one,
For me to gild a gloomy hour,

And wake a warmth to greet a glad one:
Then should I lay thy lyre aside,

And, Muse, a parting farewell wish thee,
Though launch'd on Lucre's yellow tide,

I marvel not but I should miss thee,

Thou Syren.

But ah ! thou laughter-loving jade,

On many a rhyme-smit youth thou leerest,

Whom, by thy smile to song betray'd,

Soon 'mid the witless world thou jeerest :

Say, Muse, am I not one of those?—

For oft (our lot, alack, how common!)

Thy favour, wheedling to expose,

“ Can smile and smile ”—just like a woman,

Thou Syren.

Yet where's the youth that ever felt

But one look of a lady's favour,

Though in her smile delusion dwelt,

Could bid his bosom turn and leave her ?

Therefore the Sire of Song design'd

(In extacy his fancy swimming)

His race recoverless to bind,

And made the Muses all of women,

The Syrens!

Then since I'm fetter'd to my fate,

(Thy apron-string "nine times around" me!)

And thou, my Muse, at early date,

With wreath of short-liv'd flow'rs ha'st crown'd me,

Of Truth the lessons let me learn,

By thee and all thy favourites aided,

And if I teach but one, 'twill earn

A better crown when thine is faded.

Thou Syren.

ERROURS,

WHICH THE READER IS REQUESTED TO CORRECT.

PAGE.	VERSE.	
20.	15.	<i>after</i> ever <i>insert</i> and.
27.	7,	<i>for</i> diapson <i>read</i> diapason.
38.	9.	<i>after</i> daughter <i>insert</i> of
77.	1.	<i>for</i> miad <i>read</i> maid.
84.	10.	<i>for</i> The <i>read</i> They.
87.	9.	<i>for</i> array'd <i>read</i> array.
117.	5.	<i>for</i> exits <i>read</i> exist.



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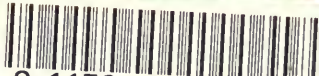
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